

SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 28, 1961 25 CENTS

FOOTBALL: THE BOWLS—THE PROS



SKI CHAMPION
Françoise Breard

THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST SPORTSWOMEN



SOMEDAY YOU MAY WANT TO CHANGE THE COLOR

The Lincoln Continental endures so well that you may want a change of color someday. The style is timeless; many of its parts are built to aircraft tolerances. In fact, this automobile is warranted for 2 years or 24,000 miles because it is built with so many lasting qualities.

Body rustproofing is applied inside and out. Underbody structural members are galvanized. Stainless steel is used lavishly, for trim, wheel covers, fuel lines, hose clamps and even for power window motor shafts. For longer life and smoother working, internal brake parts are chromium plated and are

self-adjusting. The body finish is four coats of baked enamel.

*This painstaking care is what makes the Continental such a remarkable investment in driving pleasure for the years to come—your finest investment in tomorrow. No wonder the Lincoln Continental can be warranted for twice as long as any other American car (two full years or 24,000 miles).**



LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

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*Ford Motor Company warrants to its dealers, and its dealers, in turn, warrant to their Lincoln Continental customers as follows: That for 24 months or for 24,000 miles, whichever comes first, free replacement, including related labor, will be made by dealers of any part with a defect in workmanship or materials. Tires are not covered. By the warranty, appropriate adjustments will continue to be made by the tire companies. Dealers will remain responsible for normal maintenance and for routine replacement of maintenance items such as filter, spark plugs, greaser points and wiper blades.

The Brown Bottle

*Why did it
make the beer
taste better?*

Today, most beer comes in brown bottles that are shaped pretty much like this one.

Fifty years ago practically all beer came in clear glass bottles. What changed things?

Well, the Schlitz people up in Milwaukee put up a beer that they were particularly proud of, and they wanted it to taste as good when people drank it as it did when it left the brewery.

This wasn't possible with a clear glass bottle because just a little exposure to sunlight would cloud the beer and ruin the flavor. So Schlitz set out to find a bottle that would protect the beer from light.

The brown bottle did it and more and more people began to drink Schlitz.

Since that time most other breweries have copied the Schlitz brown bottle, but no one has ever been able to copy the taste of the good Schlitz beer inside.

How about a Schlitz?



The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

© 1981 Jax, Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Los Angeles, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Tampa, Fla.





"I'm glad the Baxters couldn't make it tonight"

Turn's company when you use Kings Men After Shave Lotion. Its subtle, manly fragrance underscores the vigorous way you feel after soothing and cooling your just shaved face. What's more, Kings Men is the first 24 hour skin tonic—no other after shave lotion gives you a lift that lasts so long. You'll feel great all day when you start your day with Kings Men After Shave Lotion. \$1 per 100 ml.



It's so nice to have a King's Man around the house

KINGS men®
for good grooming

After Shave Lotion • Pre-Electric Shave Lotion • Cologne
Aftershave Shave • Handgrooming • Deodorants

SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE

This, our annual year-end magazine, combines the December 26 and January 7 issues. Don't cheat!

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Next Issue

Our first issue of the new year will be on sale January 4 and will, as always, pay tribute to the outstanding sportsmen of the year just past. In addition, it will present some of the unforgettable moments of 1961 in brilliant color photographs and will spotlight some of the finest performers. Fishermen will find five pages of beguiling paintings of angling in Yucatan. Soccer will be offered what we believe is the single most important instructional essay ever published. In the news section we will report on the pro football championship and on the college bowl games. Our cover will not, of course, bear a question mark (below) but instead the picture of an amazing yet indisputable man.



ANNOUNCING COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB'S Winter Bonus Festival

BRAND-NEW SELECTION

Today's best-selling albums from America's leading record companies - exclusively from the Columbia record club!

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The most exciting values and greatest savings ever offered by any record club!

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(A \$1.95 value)



Treat
your guests
royally



Arrow Creme de Menthe

Delightful to sip . . . delightful to serve, Arrow Creme de Menthe adds magic to any meal. Delicious, too, as a casual drink . . . in a frappe, highball, or on the rocks.

ARROW LIQUEURS CORP., DETROIT 7, MICH., 60 PROOF

In the U. S. A. . . . But Isles Away...
Fabulous

indies house
On the exotic Florida Keys
DUCK KEY, FLORIDA



Florida's warmest winter climate—
world-renowned fishing—golf—
tennis—swimming.

THE Rock Sound CLUB

ON THE ISLAND OF ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS
Country club living on the island at Eleuthera daily collects mail of Nassau with a 5-10-15-20-25-30-35-40-45-50-55-60-65-70-75-80-85-90-95-100-105-110-115-120-125-130-135-140-145-150-155-160-165-170-175-180-185-190-195-200-205-210-215-220-225-230-235-240-245-250-255-260-265-270-275-280-285-290-295-300-305-310-315-320-325-330-335-340-345-350-355-360-365-370-375-380-385-390-395-400-405-410-415-420-425-430-435-440-445-450-455-460-465-470-475-480-485-490-495-500-505-510-515-520-525-530-535-540-545-550-555-560-565-570-575-580-585-590-595-600-605-610-615-620-625-630-635-640-645-650-655-660-665-670-675-680-685-690-695-700-705-710-715-720-725-730-735-740-745-750-755-760-765-770-775-780-785-790-795-800-805-810-815-820-825-830-835-840-845-850-855-860-865-870-875-880-885-890-895-900-905-910-915-920-925-930-935-940-945-950-955-960-965-970-975-980-985-990-995-1000-1005-1010-1015-1020-1025-1030-1035-1040-1045-1050-1055-1060-1065-1070-1075-1080-1085-1090-1095-1100-1105-1110-1115-1120-1125-1130-1135-1140-1145-1150-1155-1160-1165-1170-1175-1180-1185-1190-1195-1200-1205-1210-1215-1220-1225-1230-1235-1240-1245-1250-1255-1260-1265-1270-1275-1280-1285-1290-1295-1300-1305-1310-1315-1320-1325-1330-1335-1340-1345-1350-1355-1360-1365-1370-1375-1380-1385-1390-1395-1400-1405-1410-1415-1420-1425-1430-1435-1440-1445-1450-1455-1460-1465-1470-1475-1480-1485-1490-1495-1500-1505-1510-1515-1520-1525-1530-1535-1540-1545-1550-1555-1560-1565-1570-1575-1580-1585-1590-1595-1600-1605-1610-1615-1620-1625-1630-1635-1640-1645-1650-1655-1660-1665-1670-1675-1680-1685-1690-1695-1700-1705-1710-1715-1720-1725-1730-1735-1740-1745-1750-1755-1760-1765-1770-1775-1780-1785-1790-1795-1800-1805-1810-1815-1820-1825-1830-1835-1840-1845-1850-1855-1860-1865-1870-1875-1880-1885-1890-1895-1900-1905-1910-1915-1920-1925-1930-1935-1940-1945-1950-1955-1960-1965-1970-1975-1980-1985-1990-1995-2000-2005-2010-2015-2020-2025-2030-2035-2040-2045-2050-2055-2060-2065-2070-2075-2080-2085-2090-2095-2100-2105-2110-2115-2120-2125-2130-2135-2140-2145-2150-2155-2160-2165-2170-2175-2180-2185-2190-2195-2200-2205-2210-2215-2220-2225-2230-2235-2240-2245-2250-2255-2260-2265-2270-2275-2280-2285-2290-2295-2300-2305-2310-2315-2320-2325-2330-2335-2340-2345-2350-2355-2360-2365-2370-2375-2380-2385-2390-2395-2400-2405-2410-2415-2420-2425-2430-2435-2440-2445-2450-2455-2460-2465-2470-2475-2480-2485-2490-2495-2500-2505-2510-2515-2520-2525-2530-2535-2540-2545-2550-2555-2560-2565-2570-2575-2580-2585-2590-2595-2600-2605-2610-2615-2620-2625-2630-2635-2640-2645-2650-2655-2660-2665-2670-2675-2680-2685-2690-2695-2700-2705-2710-2715-2720-2725-2730-2735-2740-2745-2750-2755-2760-2765-2770-2775-2780-2785-2790-2795-2800-2805-2810-2815-2820-2825-2830-2835-2840-2845-2850-2855-2860-2865-2870-2875-2880-2885-2890-2895-2900-2905-2910-2915-2920-2925-2930-2935-2940-2945-2950-2955-2960-2965-2970-2975-2980-2985-2990-2995-3000-3005-3010-3015-3020-3025-3030-3035-3040-3045-3050-3055-3060-3065-3070-3075-3080-3085-3090-3095-3100-3105-3110-3115-3120-3125-3130-3135-3140-3145-3150-3155-3160-3165-3170-3175-3180-3185-3190-3195-3200-3205-3210-3215-3220-3225-3230-3235-3240-3245-3250-3255-3260-3265-3270-3275-3280-3285-3290-3295-3300-3305-3310-3315-3320-3325-3330-3335-3340-3345-3350-3355-3360-3365-3370-3375-3380-3385-3390-3395-3400-3405-3410-3415-3420-3425-3430-3435-3440-3445-3450-3455-3460-3465-3470-3475-3480-3485-3490-3495-3500-3505-3510-3515-3520-3525-3530-3535-3540-3545-3550-3555-3560-3565-3570-3575-3580-3585-3590-3595-3600-3605-3610-3615-3620-3625-3630-3635-3640-3645-3650-3655-3660-3665-3670-3675-3680-3685-3690-3695-3700-3705-3710-3715-3720-3725-3730-3735-3740-3745-3750-3755-3760-3765-3770-3775-3780-3785-3790-3795-3800-3805-3810-3815-3820-3825-3830-3835-3840-3845-3850-3855-3860-3865-3870-3875-3880-3885-3890-3895-3900-3905-3910-3915-3920-3925-3930-3935-3940-3945-3950-3955-3960-3965-3970-3975-3980-3985-3990-3995-4000-4005-4010-4015-4020-4025-4030-4035-4040-4045-4050-4055-4060-4065-4070-4075-4080-4085-4090-4095-4100-4105-4110-4115-4120-4125-4130-4135-4140-4145-4150-4155-4160-4165-4170-4175-4180-4185-4190-4195-4200-4205-4210-4215-4220-4225-4230-4235-4240-4245-4250-4255-4260-4265-4270-4275-4280-4285-4290-4295-4300-4305-4310-4315-4320-4325-4330-4335-4340-4345-4350-4355-4360-4365-4370-4375-4380-4385-4390-4395-4400-4405-4410-4415-4420-4425-4430-4435-4440-4445-4450-4455-4460-4465-4470-4475-4480-4485-4490-4495-4500-4505-4510-4515-4520-4525-4530-4535-4540-4545-4550-4555-4560-4565-4570-4575-4580-4585-4590-4595-4600-4605-4610-4615-4620-4625-4630-4635-4640-4645-4650-4655-4660-4665-4670-4675-4680-4685-4690-4695-4700-4705-4710-4715-4720-4725-4730-4735-4740-4745-4750-4755-4760-4765-4770-4775-4780-4785-4790-4795-4800-4805-4810-4815-4820-4825-4830-4835-4840-4845-4850-4855-4860-4865-4870-4875-4880-4885-4890-4895-4900-4905-4910-4915-4920-4925-4930-4935-4940-4945-4950-4955-4960-4965-4970-4975-4980-4985-4990-4995-5000-5005-5010-5015-5020-5025-5030-5035-5040-5045-5050-5055-5060-5065-5070-5075-5080-5085-5090-5095-5100-5105-5110-5115-5120-5125-5130-5135-5140-5145-5150-5155-5160-5165-5170-5175-5180-5185-5190-5195-5200-5205-5210-5215-5220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POINT OF FACT continued

years in a row—1938 (35.1), 1939 (32.6) and 1960 (33.7). Has any other player repeated as scoring champion?

• George Mikan of DePaul was the leader in 1945 (23.9) and 1946 (23.3), Frank Selvy in 1953 (28.5) and 1954 (41.7) and Durrell Floyd, also of Furman, in 1955 (35.9) and 1956 (33.8).

† Jerry Lucas of Ohio State had the highest field goal percentage last season (.623). Was this the best ever?

• No. In 1956 Joe Holup of George Washington made 280 of his 309 field goal attempts for a .647 average. In four varsity seasons Holup sank a record .583 of his field goal attempts.

† Who was the first player to score at least 50 points in a game?

• Hank Luisetti of Stanford scored 50 points in 1938 against Duquesne.

† What player holds the record for most points scored in a single game?

• Frank Selvy scored 100 points against Newberry in 1956. The next best total is 73 points, scored by Bill Mikvy of Temple against Wilkes in 1953.

† What team scored the most points per game in a single season?

• Monmouth State made 2,782 points in 29 games (1956) for a 95.9 average. The team, however, allowed 2,496 points and ended the season with a 19-10 record.

† San Francisco won 63 consecutive games between 1953 and 1957. What is the next best winning streak?

• Long Island University won 39 straight games (1935-37); Seton Hall 39 (1939-41); Texas 37 (1913-17); and North Carolina 37 (1937-58).

† What active coach has a) the most wins? b) the best winning percentage?

• a) Western Kentucky's Ed Diddle, in 39 seasons, has coached teams that have won 732 games (last 20th). He is the only active coach with more than 700 victories prior to this season. b) Adolph Rupp of Kentucky has won 645 games and lost only 122 (.841) in 31 years of coaching.

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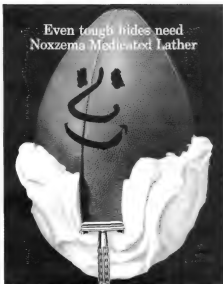
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SCORECARD

THE ROYAL PHILOSOPHY

Despite what they think of themselves—and they seldom think of anything else—college football coaches generally are not considered philosophical or intellectual gamblers. It was refreshing the other day, therefore, to hear one of them, Darrell Royal, of the University of Texas, make some good, common-sense about coaching. Royal, who completes the second year of a 10-year contract with Texas when the Longhorns meet Mississippi in the Cotton Bowl, draws \$17,500 a year and was recently named Coach of the Year by the Football Writers' Association.

"I'm the world's biggest coward," he said. "I run scared all the time. I agree with Eisenhower when he said just before the election, 'The opposition always looks 14 feet tall.' But coaching is largely a matter of dealing with people and it's a new world every day. I never feel like I'm going to work when I get up in the morning. It's a wonderful profession when you can earn a living and not feel like you're working to die it."

"The only thing that disturbs me about my profession is the fact that people give you too much credit when you win and too much hell when you lose. I'll be the same person and do the same things when we lose, but people won't believe me. I won't change, but the people will."

We commend Royal's statement and hope it will be seen by every coach, college president and overzealous alumnus in the land.

LA BOLSE WYA

Two weeks ago William Patrick Perry of San Francisco celebrated his 105th birthday with a night on the town at Lake Tahoe, Calif. He spent a fine evening playing the gambling tables, ogling the girls and helping himself to an occasional scotch. It is Perry's theory that girls, whisky and gambling increase one's longevity. For physical fitness buffs and for the enlightenment of whatever prudes may be within earshot, we offer Mr. Perry's advice: "I won't say that I was a lot

or lose a lot when I gamble, but I have a hell of a good time, win or lose. To live as long as I have, I recommend that you gamble, grab every girl in sight and never turn down a drink."

GOODY, CHARLIE

The other day Charles Comiskey II stood in front of a battery of microphones in Chicago and announced that he had sold his 46½ interest in the White Sox to a group of 11 young Chicago businessmen and professional men for an estimated \$3.5 million. Thus, for the first time in 60 years, the White Sox are without a Comiskey in any sort of control.

In recent years the White Sox have made as many headlines in court as on the ball field. Young Comiskey became involved in a long and bitter stock fight with his sister, Dorothy, which ended when she sold her controlling interest (54½) to a syndicate headed by Bill Veack in 1959. Charles Comiskey couldn't get along with Veack either, and the fans and the team both suffered.

The new syndicate has an average age of 36, surprisingly young for baseball. (The oldest member is 41, the youngest 31.) We hope that these young men can get together with the majority owner, 47-year-old Arthur Allyn Jr., who bought Veack out in June, and bring to Chicago some young, forward-looking ideas. Chicago can use them and, most certainly, so can all of baseball.

THOSE BLACK, BLACK HILLS

The Colorado School of Mines basketball team boarded a bus at Golden, Colo. the other day and traveled 424 miles to play Black Hills Teachers College at Spearfish, S. Dak., 190 miles northwest of "Wounded Knee" and 107 miles south of Camp Creek. Once inside the Black Hills gym, the Colorado team started getting in trouble with the referees. At the end of regulation time, the 10 Oreidiggers had been sucker-punched 40 personal fouls out of 50 possible, but the game was tied 56-56. At the end of the first five-minute overtime Black Hills and CSM were still tied 62-62; at the end

of the second overtime period the figures were deadlocked at 66-66. Midway through the third overtime the referees called another foul, and CSM finished that period with four men, but still held matters to 76-76. In the fourth overtime period the referees whistled two more CSM players out of the game, and for the final two minutes two CSM players played against five from Black Hills. Final score: Black Hills 80, CSM 79.

LOSER

The United States Military Academy recently fired its head football coach, Dale Hall. The reason was simple: under Hall, Army couldn't beat Navy. To old generals and young lieutenants, beating Navy is terribly important. The old generals have not yet named a successor but they have made their position clear. Young coaches who lose to Navy never die, but they sure fade away.

THE MEAT HUNTERS

The ways of some hunters are wondrous strange, and not merely in the New World. We learn of the existence in Austria of the Vienna Central Cemetery shooting club, a group of sportsmen devoted to poring hares, pheasants and



partridges in—you guessed it—the Central Cemetery of Vienna. Sighting happily over the graves of Brahms, Beethoven, Gluck, Schubert, Strauss and other departed dignitaries, club members have been known to wreck off as many as 50 hares a day.

From Switzerland comes even more discouraging news of the annual Lake Constance-Bodensee battle. The *Blacken* is an admirable sporting new institution can be killed by a half-witted child. The brave *Bodensee* hunters wither through the needs

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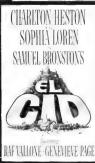


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SCORECARD

of the lake and into the roosting areas. There they wait until sunset—legal hunting time. But the first shots always ring out five minutes before legal time, and the materialists trying to frighten the birds to safety. Crows, ducks and mallards, no dollars, swim into the air and out of range. But the determined *Woke Forest* hang around their roosts, there to be shot, clubbed and thronged, while the materialists race home to write letters to the editor.

THE PRIZE IS RIGHT

The Ballinacree Turf Club of New South Wales has come up with a new wrinkle in prize for Thoroughbred horse racing. It has announced that the lucky Irish horse who wins the club's race for fillies and mares on February 24 will be treated to a free stall service by *Fallick*, the Australian horse who won \$247,776 in stakes before his recent retirement. Such individual attention from *Fallick* usually costs \$1,190.

Gordon Beattie, secretary of the club, explained: "We needed a gimmick and decided to offer something a bit different from the usual run of prizes." We can't think of a better gimmick at the moment, though we'd like it had better be confined to racing.

THE HEART OF THE MATTER

The consensus of preseason basketball pollsters that Wake Forest should finish this season as the nation's third best team, behind Ohio State and Cincinnati. The scores had hardly begun when Wake Forest had a chance to elevate itself one notch further by defeating Ohio State. But Ohio State clubbed them. Then Wake Forest traveled to Gainesville, Fla. to play the University of Florida, which promptly won an upset 31-45 victory. The Wake Forest student body studied the numbers and decided that Coach Henry McKinnis was doing an excellent job. So they hanged the team in thongs.

THE INSIDE TRACK

- Louisville track officials are trying to get the AAU to move its annual Madison Square Garden indoor championship track meet to Louisville's \$4,550,000 Freedom Hall.
- The Big Ten is moving slowly toward a mandatory eight-game round-robin football schedule within its own league. Behind the trend are faculty representatives who are determined to curtail over-



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emphasis. Good bet: the plan will be in effect for the 1967 season.

• If Joe Kuharich quits Notre Dame to coach the pro Chicago Bears, there's a good chance that Michigan State's coach Duffy Daugherty will replace him.

• The University of Maryland may shorten its lackluster Atlantic Coast Conference's entry list by recruiting a Negro basketball player. Maryland players are weary of seeing the best local players going to schools in other sections of the country.

SHIPS THAT PASS

Carroll High School of Besantkara, Texas, sent its basketball team to Hugo, Okla., 325 miles away, for a game with Hugo High. In route, they passed the Hugo team headed for Besantkara for the same game. A mistake in a printed schedule caused the mix-up.

THEY SAID IT

• G. Robert Nair, Houston bridge expert, after playing eight hours a day for 11 consecutive days in national tournaments: "It took a lot of sleeping pills to get through this tournament; if I hadn't taken them, I would have had to go on every day before I even went to sleep."

• Edwin A. McDonald Jr., assistant coach of the Los Angeles team of the American Basketball League: "Basketball is a game of chance. You can win or lose the Southland and see who is called when the stars are dead. That's the intent of the game. It's dice with bodies, to be perfectly frank."

• Harold Givnes of Givnes Archery, 4000 N. Mississippi, on why he offers arks for one of his sons from Katanga, Panama: "I sure hope this customer is on our side."

• Richard Cardinal Cushing, at the annual Boston police ball: "Gambling is everywhere. And no one can deny it. The United States Army wouldn't be so tight on the enforcement body to stop people from gambling, for its theology, gambling is not a sin any more than to take a glass of beer or an hard liquor is a sin. It's the abuse that makes gambling a sin and it's a disgusting antiquity."

• Terry Downes, replying to Promoter Sam Seltman's suggestion that Downes go through with his return fight with Paul Fowler in Boston: "What? Me go to an Irish city like Boston to defend my title on St. Patrick's night—with the snakes and release all named bulls, Kelly and Kelly?"

END



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THE GOLD RUSH THAT FAILED

In 1981 fast-buck promoters and misguided enthusiasts cooked up an alphabet

soup of new leagues and new teams, but U.S. fans stood fast for quality

by ROY TERRELL

Hello, sports fans. To fill you in on the results of some of last week's pot games, the Steers trampled the Rens 109-402, the Gladiators stabbed the Toros 35-8, the Oilers drilled the Rastlers 47-16, the Jets blasted the Chiefs 90-39 and the Stars dazzled the Skippers 39-10. As soon as you recover from the shock of these scores, we'll tell you more.

Honestly, there are now pro teams named the Steers, Gladiators, Jets, Chiefs and Stars; also the Pyrets, Patrots, Panthers, Bombons, Bills and a few dozen others you may not have caught up with. Along with the Cavaliers, Saints, Chiefs, Broncos, Packers, Titans and Tapers, they are entrants in the three newest "major" leagues to grace professional sport: the American Basketball League, the National Bowling League and the American Football League, otherwise known as the ABL, the NBL and the AFL. Not to be confused with these (and if you're not confused by now, you're not paying attention) are other new teams called the Twins, Angels, Moss, Cowboys, Vikings and Packers in the AL, the NL, the NFL and the NBA, leagues established, more or less, for a number of years.

All of this alphabet soup has splattered sport into a new era: the era of befuddlement. Only a certified public accountant with a good part of his digits can follow the sports pages, and not the least puzzled of the citizenry are the sportswriters themselves. The *New Francisco Chronicle* listed every team and every team nickname on its bulletin board and underscored them in heavy red pencil to keep the poor headline writers from saving on time to the mental hospital. There are so many box scores, statistics, standings and schedules that *The Kansas City Star* decided to change its tiny upate typeface to a Baskerville, more legible one to keep its readers' optionality bills down.

Actually, only a little practice is needed to keep all the teams straightened out. Perhaps the best system is to do it by town. Take Los Angeles. Although the NFL, the AL, the NL, the NBA, the NBL and the ABL have franchises there, the AFL has moved to San Diego. With that in mind, just keep telling yourself that the Dodgers of the National League are named in posthumous honor of pedestrians who have tried to cross the Hollywood Freeway, and



the Lakers of the NBA are so called because Los Angeles has even more lakes than Death Valley. The National Football League's Los Angeles Rams, of course, came from Cleveland, and the American League's Los Angeles Angels are owned by Gene Autry, who rides a horse almost all the time now, since his driver's license has been suspended.

Now consider the other coast. The Giants of the NFL play in Yankee Stadium; the Mets of the NL will play in the Polo Grounds and be managed by that famous National League figure, Casey Stengel; and the New York Gladiators of the NFL compete in Tenenba Borough, N.J. Once having seen the Knicks of the NBA, who could forget them? And you all know Harry Woster.

If, after all this, you are still perplexed, get in line. The new teams, the new leagues, the franchise shifts, the fun and the pandemonium are all part of a frantic scramble for the entertainment bucks that makes the Oklahoma land rush look like a Sunday stroll through Central Park. Perhaps avian and geod are words too strong to describe the primary motivational factor; on the other hand, so are civic pride and altruism.

The lamentable fact is that whether the new owners and promoters climbed on the bus simply to make money or for less-oriented purposes, most of them turned out to be publicheads. The public has proved to be more sophisticated and knowledgeable than anyone had figured. Although generally in favor of expansion, fans refused to pay for inferior products, particularly with television at their fingertips. As a result, only a very few of the clubs in the new leagues drew and themselves on sound financial ground—the Houston Oilers and San Diego Chargers of the AFL and perhaps the San Francisco Saints of the ABL, to name the only three that came immediately to mind. With franchises such as Tampa and San Antonio

of the National Bowling League (gor mortis already has set in).

Expansion, properly conceived and executed, is an admirable goal for all sports. With a population that has grown to 180 million, and with more leisure hours available today than anyone dreamed possible, who can deny that a demand for good new sports events exist, at least in certain areas? Houston, for example, with a population of almost a million, the largest city in the South, deserves big-league baseball, professional football and basketball. The same is true of Minneapolis-St. Paul, San Francisco, Dallas, Kansas City. But the trouble with the expansion new transplant is the haste with which it came about.

The American and National leagues are cases in point. The big-league baseball owners killed the proposed Continental League; then, facing congressional action, they took immediate steps to tilt the scale. The American League moved to 10 teams in 1961 and discovered that this was an unwieldy, inefficient number to begin with, whether you happen to favor 41 home runs or not. Now, the National League is prepared to dilute and suffer, too. Because big-league baseball remains the best loved of all sports, it will survive and continue to grow. Eventually, Fresno and Dallas and Denver and Atlanta will go big-league, too, perhaps in expanded 12-team leagues. In the meantime, baseball must struggle, and so must baseball players. Jetting back and forth across the country, watching time zones week by week, the heavy-eyed ballplayer spends a lot of his time resetting his watch and the rest of the time trying to figure out what ball park he's playing in at the moment. "One night in L.A. I wondered why I was so tired," said Vic Wertz, last season with Boston, now with Detroit. "But then I realized although it was only 10 o'clock it was one a.m. back in Boston." Complained another player: "Just

—JAMES L.

*Hasn't the sports dollar become overpriced?
Whipped into a frenzy by the media?*



about the time I got a bad cold, and it's time to leave."

But football's exposure problems, nothing though they may be, are as nothing next to those of professional football and basketball. The National Football League is flourishing and has been for 10 years, but some of the franchises are hardly as sound as the public is led to believe. Dallas, Minnesota, St. Louis, Pittsburgh and Washington are all hurting it the game. So what chance does the American football league have? This is a league that was formed out of frustration. When the NFL subornably slammed the door in the face of several deserving cities, Lamar Hunt of Dallas and Bud Adams of Houston decided to take matters into their own hands. Now, in its second year of operation, the AFL is losing less money than it lost in 1960, but its television sponsors are beginning to back out and the resulting blow to each team amounts to about \$100,000.

A number of franchises are shaky. Oakland, with a losing team, has to play across the bay in San Francisco; so far the Raiders have dropped seven owners, one coach, one general manager and two publicity men. Boston newspapers give more space to the New York Giants than to their own Boston Patriots, who may find themselves without a playing field after 1962. The Dallas Texans must compete with the Dallas Cowboys, and neither can make money in a setup like that. New York's problem is Huey Wisner, Ed Blaine, a Missouri tackle drafted by both the Green Bay Packers of the NFL and Wisner's New York Titans, explained that he had seriously considered signing with the Titans. Then he talked to Wisner. "After spending 10 minutes in the same room with that man," said Blaine, "there was no doubt about what I was going to do. I went straight back to my hotel and signed with the Packers."

Still, the AFL has managed to sign the first draft choice of the Detroit Lions for the last two years. And although the new league has been for less successful this season than last in signing top college players, it has forced the NFL into a costly bidding race. The Philadelphia Eagles had to come up with a \$5,000 bonus and a \$15,000 contract to win a Georgia tackle named Pete Case away from the Houston Oilers; this is approximately twice the amount the NFL used to pay for rookie tackles. Ray Jacobs, a 270-pounder from Howard Pacific, got in on the grid cash by signing with both the Oilers and the Dallas Cowboys; then didn't know which bonus check he was legally entitled to cash. Said his wife, Jo Ann: "I've got a check in one hand for \$3,000 and a check in the other for \$2,500—and \$1.50 is my purse for groceries. I still don't know what that big, dumb tackle is going to do." With tack Jacobs will collect a potful of cash at the expense of one league or the other, and neither can stand this sort of thing very long. "Sure, the AFL is hurting us," says Buddy Parker of the Pittsburgh Steelers. "The NFL is 29% weaker this year."

If the AFL owners—most of them men of wealth—can afford to hang on for another three or four years, the league will be established. Pay television probably will arrive sometime during that period and almost automatically convert each franchise into a solid money-maker. Maybe five or six of the eight cities now in the league will survive long enough to cash in. But if too many franchises fold, the remaining teams—the strong ones—probably will be integrated with the NFL. That is what men



The perplexed sportsman

like Hunt and Adams wanted in the first place. But what a price to pay for the privilege!

The American Football League does have one thing going for it: it is attempting to gain acceptance in a sport that already has proved profitable. But the American Football League is trying to pass off its own inferior product as big league in a sport where the established big league is still crawling out of the bedies. Why anyone should want to follow in the National Basketball Association's footsteps is difficult to see. The NBA is a pitifully unbalanced league, with the Boston Celtics dominating the Eastern Division, and the Los Angeles Lakers now dominating the West. The schedule is a cruel series of overnight hops from town to town over a murderous six-month period. The playoff system, in which a fall season of competition eliminates only one team in each division, is a farce. The result is that attendance is down 30% this year. The NBA stays alive because of its network TV contract.

Despite all this, Alie Superson, the promotional genius of the Harlem Globetrotters, has covered an NBA franchise for years. Denied attendance, he decided to form a new league, with his own team in Chicago. Thus the ABL—conceived in pique and dedicated to revenge. The league's Los Angeles Jets, playing in the shadow of Elgin Baylor and the Lakers, can't even attract fan with free passes. Kansas City, the best team in the new league, has won 18 of 21 games because (unlike most of the other teams) the Steers managed to sign legitimate local college stars like Larry Corley of Kansas State, Bill Bridges of Kansas and Charles Enke of Missouri. Yet the Steers, who need 3,000 spectators a game to break even, have averaged only 1,100, and are even dropping off that pace. The San Francisco Saints are averaging 3,500, according to the management, and this relative success may make them eligible for the NBA when the ABL folds, if the figures are accurate. It has become almost standard practice to inflate attendance figures in the new leagues, adding a

whole colony of "ghost spectators" to the announced gate. One team fired its press agent for the cardinal sin of understating the attendance at a game.

Desperately looking for some glimmer of light in the bleak picture, Superstein is quick to note that "our league is giving employment to the little men in basketball—which is something the pro sport hasn't done before." It might be pointed out that the NBA's provided employment, too, but nobody made money off it in the long run. Superstein's league is so incredibly underfinanced that it has to save every piece of string merely to endure through this first season. The Los Angeles Jaws, for example, use airplanes for their long hauls, but when they arrive in the Midwest they discreetly switch to private automobiles to cut costs. Awarding a franchise to Honolulu was a romantic idea, but not a very practical one, since private cars cannot make that jump. ABL teams fly to Hawaii, but to keep from having to make the expensive trip too often they hang around the island long enough each time to play the Honolulu Chiefs five straight games. Watching two great pro basketball teams five nights in a row would tax even the most rabid fan, but watching Honolulu against the Chicago Majors over the same grueling stretch is clearly above and beyond the call of spending duty.

Surprisingly, there is one new league that is in even worse shape than the out-and-out patch ABL, and that one is the National Bowling League, an out-and-out promotional venture created on the premise that millions of bowlers would assure the success of the game as a spectator sport. Well, bowling is not a spectator sport, and already the NBL is going under. Curtis Sanford of Dallas, the big mover and shaker of the new league, will not admit defeat, but Sanford is an energetic, driving promoter who never gives up until he is going down for the third time. Already the waters have closed over his head twice. At first, crowds turned out more from curiosity than anything else; the curiosity satisfied, they returned no more. Omaha folded,



Ghost spectators

and so did San Antonio. Who knows who will be next? The Kansas City Stars drew 187 one night. Los Angeles drew 350 and blamed it on 1) the rain, 2) the Lakers' playing in town, 3) Bob Hope. They should have blamed it on bowling. Detroit is doing better than any of the other cities, with Dallas not too far behind. Yet Dallas drew only 300 for a recent match with Fort Worth. "This is the way I figure it," says one midwestern sports editor. "I like to bowl. I also like to fish, but I don't want to pay to see someone else fish. Now you take football or baseball. I can't possibly run 50 yards for a touchdown against the Giants or hit a home run off Whitey Ford, so I'll pay money to watch someone else do these things. But occasionally I can bowl just about as well as any of these guys in the league; sometimes I can bowl better."

Originally the NBL expected national network television support, but it failed to materialize. The league runs at night, during prime TV time, and sponsors figure they'd stick with Garry Moore and Dr. Peppercorn. "Unless this league has the backing of national TV time, it isn't going to go," says Harold Weber, who owned the original Chicago franchise but dropped it like a rattle snake when he found out there was to be no television. "We don't need TV," says Sanford. We'll see.

The shameful part of all this misguided sporting creativity is that a few men with integrity and energy and municipal pride are going to be hurt before expansion is completed. Sport, like everything else, must have its pioneers, and if everyone sat back and waited nothing would ever happen. But it is regrettable that so many of the new leagues and teams and franchises were poorly planned and ineptly organized. Too many entrepreneurs tried to fill vacuums that were not vacuums and wound up expanding for expansion's sake alone. For the sports promoter of the future the lesson should be clear. The American fan wants quality. Let the seller beware.

END



The ghostly fan

A TIE THAT MEANT A VICTORY

New York and Cleveland traded touchdowns, but in the end it was the Giants who proved they were the best pro team in the East

by TEX MAULE

The spearpoint of an attack is the quarterback, said Paul Brown, a trifle wistfully. The sharp difference between his Cleveland Browns and the New York Giants in the 7-7 tie that allowed the New York team to slide into the Eastern Conference NFL championship last week had been the Giant quarterback, Y. A. Tittle and Charlie Conerly, who give the Giants a two-pronged spear. Brown's own quarterback, Milt Plum, was more of a butt than a point in this game. Time and again, under the savage pressure of the Giant defense, he overthrew, underthrew, or didn't throw. Tittle and Conerly, under almost equal pressure, moved the Giant team well enough to preserve the tie New York needed for its 12th NFL division championship.

The Giants, of course, will now play the fearsome Green Bay Packers in Green Bay, New Year's Eve in the world championship. It is perhaps unfair to say they slid into their conference championship; they won by being the best team in the East and they proved that this Sunday in a violent, strong effort against the best performance the Browns have managed this season.

Probably the biggest factor in the Giant tie—in view of its importance to the Giants it is almost impossible to resist calling it a victory—was the siege gun punting of thick-thighed Don Chan-

dler. Twice in the first half he set the Browns back to their three-yard line, once with a kick that skipped sideways on the five to go out of bounds and again with a punt that bounded high in the air over the head of Cleveland safety Bobby Mitchell and was killed on the Browns' three by Bob Simms. Chandler reserved his most prodigious effort, though, for the last period. With two minutes left in the Giant-Brown game and the news of Philadelphia's 27-24 victory over Detroit already on the scoreboard, he stood on the Giant 20-yard line and tried a back, sailing kick clear over the head of Mitchell, some 60 yards downfield. The ball was downed on the Cleveland seven, again by Simms. From there the Browns could not find room to mount a final attack.

Ironically, one of the few good passes Plum threw on this cold, gray and damp afternoon was dropped late in the fourth quarter by the usually sure-fingered Ray Renfro on the Giant 60-yard line. Renfro had outmaneuvered the Giant secondaries, and the long pass fell clearly into his hands only to squirt out again as he raced toward the line.

For New York the game was a good preparation for the championship game, Cleveland, with Jim Brown, a fullback comparable to the Packers' Jim Taylor, explored the possibility of running off the left side of the Giant line, as Green

Bay had done so successfully three weeks earlier. But there was no hole there for Fullback Brown. With the blocking of Bob Skoronski and Larry Thurston in the line and Paul Hornung from the backfield, the Packers probably will be more dangerous than the Browns, but New York may have found at least a partial answer to the Green Bay running offense.

"We pinched in to close the off-tackle hole," said Giant Defensive End Andy Robustelli. "We wanted to force Brown to the outside, where he's easier to bring down."

Al Sherman, the young Giant coach who did a remarkable job in winning a conference championship in his freshman year, juggled his two quarterbacks





TWO STEPS AHEAD OF JIM PATTON, BROWNS' RAY HENGER DODGES PASS IN FOURTH QUARTER THAT MIGHT HAVE BEATEN NEW YORK

radio booth. Little played the entire first half, releasing an Alex Webster as his principal weapon. As the second half began, Sherman went in Conerly.

"I wanted to get away from Webster for a while," he said happily after the game, a small, red-faced man standing in a circle of inquisitive reporters. "I wanted to use Wells. I knew what Wells could do, and I wanted Y.A. to watch the way Conerly used him." And Wells, behind massive blocking from the Grant line, ripped for several tidy six- or seven-yard gains.

The Grant scheme overall disguised Cleveland's attack almost perfectly. The one Cleveland touchdown came when Paul Brown clearly outguessed the Grant defenders. With second and 10 for the

Browns on the Grant 38, the Grants moved a little, sending middle linebacker Sam Huff scrambling up the middle after Plum-Pum, who, because he hasn't spent enough time in the league, does not retreat as deeply into the pocket as more experienced quarterbacks like Little and Conerly. It usually is vulnerable in this kind of rush. This time, however, he was just able to throw, hitting End Leon Clarke over the middle as the area Huff probably would have been assigned had he not been rushing. Clarke hung onto the ball and won a foot race to the goal line for the touchdown.

After the game, Little, who won his first division championship in his 14th year as a pro, called his wife in Atherton, Calif. There was a singularly unproduc-

tive conversation. "Damn it, honey," Y.A. said. "We did it after 14 years." Mrs. Little began to cry. Y.A. joined her and they cried together for four minutes and then hung up.

In the American Football League the Houston Oilers, as everyone expected, demolished the Oakland Raiders, 47-16, to win the Eastern Division title. The Oilers will play the San Diego Chargers in San Diego's downtown 24 for the AFL title. This will be a reply of last year's title game and, in view of the rather lukewarm recent efforts of San Diego (the Chargers lost to the Boston Patriots, 41-0, in the last game of the season), Houston should win again.

And in the NFL, don't bet against Green Bay.

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BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER

When top men and women pros met in Florida, the golf was surprisingly good and the manners almost flawless

by ALFRED WRIGHT

Tournament golf for 1983 ended last week in Schenck, Fla., at all places with the shell and creaky sound of girlish laughter filtering through the humid night air. There was tea dancing to a small combo in the lounge of a hotel called Harder Hall and other games and waits not usually associated with the professional side of the sport. Twenty of the best men pros and an equal number of their female counterparts had gathered, along with 52 teams of men and women amateurs, for the Hag & Hag Scotch mixed foursomes tournament—a unique and highly ironic, antithetical to the week-end, week-end grand-of-tournament play in which the sexes are so rigidly segregated.

After four days of this second playing of the tournament, Buzz Ragan and Mickey Wright finished the 72 holes with an amazing score of 272—16 under par over a pair of courses that are by no means palaces when topped for championship play. They began the final round with a five-stroke lead over the second-place team of Johnny Pott and Marilyn Smith and nine strokes over Sam Snead and Patty Berg, who were tied for 10th. The lead should have been safe, but the day was not very old before Snead and Berg, the two oldest campaigners on the course, began to carve away at par. The criers of their large galleries lifted voices to the skies to warn the leaders that something was going on up ahead. The two young pros, Ragan and Miss





WINNING TEAM of Dave Ragan and Mickey Wright triumphantly lifted the Pro-Am trophy after a dominant performance. Ragan finished with a 67 and Wright a 65, for a combined score of 132. The trophy was presented to them by the club's president, J. Edgar C. Ragan, and Miss Wright received the trophy from Stewart of Mrs. Ragan family.

Wright and both 261 began to run scared, with birdies at 6, 8 and 9 to finish the first nine with a four-under-par 32. Snead and Bergsten let up the pressure and finally came home with a final round of 45, but it just wasn't enough against the aggression, attack and of Ragan and Wright whose own final round was a 67. As soon as the tournament ended, Ragan and Wright rushed to phone Jack Stewart, the pros at the Hale & Irl Coopers Club in Dallas, who had been coaching them both over the past year. Their pairing at Solberg, inconspicuous, was due to their intimate bond with Stewart.

When the ladies arrived at Harder Hall early last week to compete in a one-day Pro-Am tournament before the Hag & Hag contest began, they proved to themselves that the pros, such as the pros, were capable of murdering any normal golf course. Gus Houser, who had been on a particularly hot streak for the previous month, set a new course record for Harder Hall with a 63, and a 64 by a group of pros, including Jack Stewart, Ted Koehler and Mason Remick. The best of the lady pros, had 65s, while Paul Hamey, Ed Fungel and Jimmy Bell came in with 66s. Seventeen others, including 11 of the lady pros, bettered the par of 72. It should be noted that this new course, standing through the pine trees and Spanish moss of central Florida, was beautifully groomed, the air mild and dry, the green and fair fields and the grass positions in the center of greens as smooth as a bullfinch floor. It is a 6,723-yard course designed by the talented architect, Dick Wilson and it has a superbly designed clubhouse and some grounds to keep the place looking.

On the following four days, when the men and women were teamed and playing against each other, the golf became extremely more interesting and challenging. The play on the first and third days of the tournament was a surprise. Pinckney Lakes and 1961, the clubhouse, disappeared by a Wednesday night rain, allowed for a common normal day on the course. By 1960 and down had been on the first night of the tournament. Now the average par 4 was no longer a drive, a pitch and a putt for the pros, because the ladies' God Bless the pros, makes not only a

ing and that was far. Another's other shot was there.

The team of Dew Finnerwald and Marlene Bauer Hagge almost never reached the green in 2 on holes of 380 yards or more, and Finnerwald is hitting the ball somewhat farther, albeit more erratically, than he used to. So they had to pitch and putt magnificently to bring in their one-under-par 71. Most of the other teams were in the same fix, with the notable exception of Ragan and Wright. Ragan is a husky young man who hits the ball with great power, and Miss Wright is by far the biggest hitter in women's golf. Where others were slugging away at the greens with long irons and woods, Ragan and Wright were hitting up with five- and six-irons. They alone were able to reach the longer par 4s and shorter par 5s in 2 with a decent go at birdie putts. Yet even with this advantage, they were only one under par at Pinecrest on opening day.

With the great disparity in distance between men and women, the strategy in two-ball foursomes is fascinating to follow. A couple chooses between the man's or the woman's drive, then play alternate shots. As a rule, if he has a chance to reach the green with a four-iron or shorter club, the man will play the second shot off the woman's drive because even these limited of women's drives have trouble hitting long irons that bite into the green with any real authority. If neither man nor woman can reach the green on the second shot off the other's drive, the woman will play that second shot and the man will do the chipping—giving him one more stroke on the hole. The Hag & Hag proved beyond question that the men, with their superior overdominance, are more deft than the women at even the short shots and the putting—scarer both of themselves and their technique.

It was additionally fascinating last week to see how team play—and the presence of the ladies—affected the manners of the most obtuse golfers. Tommy Bolt, who was joined with attractive and young Jo Ann Prentiss, was as courtly as a chamberlain for Louis XV. "Lovely shot, honey," he would tell Jo Ann when she struck the ball well. Once, when she missed an 18-inch putt, he said, "Don't let it get you, honey. If I had a dollar for every one of those I've missed, I wouldn't have to work no more." Another time, after the team had taken a bogey, Bolt

said, "My faith, honey, I hit a poor second shot." And he was right.

Even the Systemic Squad was amazingly civil to his partner, Miss Berg. Last year, at his own request, Snod had teamed with Mickey Wright. In view of the great distance Miss Wright can hit the ball, they were a pair who had an enormous advantage over the field. As Ragan put it this year, "Mickey can hit the ball as solidly as any of the first 10 men on the tour." Yet when things went badly, Snod refused to speak to his partner. He never consulted with her on her shots, made all the decisions unilaterally, walked ahead of her on the fairway in a solitary flank and otherwise made himself thoroughly unpleasant. This year Snod was teamed with Patty Berg in large part because each represents Wilson Sporting Goods, and the 45-year-old Miss Berg, with years of golfing prestige behind her, took no guff. Snod was helpful to her in reading the greens and sometimes would walk ahead to the green to pace off the distance before his partner played an approach shot. "A hundred and twenty yards, Patty," he would call back. "And fast."

Courteous as they were, the men didn't hesitate to assume command of their teams, and there was no conspicuous instance of female insubordination. Once when there was a question of which tee shot the Finnerwald-Hagge team would use, Finnerwald said in his pleasant way, "I'd better play it, unless you want to." Translated into mixed Scotch four-somes, that reads, "I'll play the next shot"—and under these circumstances, the man had better make good. Finnerwald did. He hit a marvelous four-wood to within 15 feet of the pin, some 200 yards distant.

Even with the men's manners glistening with polish, most of the girls were currently nervous during the early stages of the tournament, uncertainly hitting shots that they could normally make with their eyes closed. Several, among them Wanda Sanchez and Marie MacKenzie Lindstrom, were lucky enough to be teamed with Ted Kroll and Gardner Eickemeyer, two pros who teach as well as they play. Before or after a round, the girls would get free lessons at the practice tee. Around the practice green in the late afternoon the men and women would show one another some little trick of putting, and you would hear such sweet talk as Bolt saying to Bel Collins (in the presence of several of the ladies), "Those girls know how

to putt. They just knock it in the hole."

For all his sweet talk with the ladies, Bolt, it must be noted, was at times sad. Former Bolt teammate on the Big Green at Pinecrest, he missed a simple putt and reacted magnificently in term-burling his putter ferociously in the ground. The shaft sank 21 inches into the soft soil, a new world record, as somebody remarked. Glaring at the protruding end of the shaft, Bolt then kicked it, breaking it in two. Since he had no other putter in his bag, he was forced to finish the round using his driver for a putter. He may have desecrated something. On the 17th green, he drove-putt for an eagle. This set him to laughing about his predicament but, moments before, he had been anything but the gay, carefree golfer. On his approach to the 17th he lost his sweater again and buried his name-iron up to the grip. It was in so deep the caddy was unable to dislodge it. For the first time in Bolt's career, 1960, for the second, possibly because Bolt had broken his own record, nothing.

In the evening after dinner, while the men, even Bolt, were relaxing or dancing with their wives in the bar or were upstairs in their rooms helping to look after the bats, some of the more dedicated women would come back in their Bermuda shorts to practice putting on



a floodlit green in front of the hotel. Someone even ran across tall Coast Marsh practicing her swing in front of a full-length hallway mirror opposite the elevator on the second floor.

Not new, only rare

Scotch mixed foursomes are a common part of the togetherness program at virtually every American country club, but they are rare indeed among the pros. Just after World War II there was such a tournament at the Clubhouse course at Orlando, Fla., but it was a scratch play, and mingled pros and amateurs more or less indiscriminately.

The idea for assembling a well-organized group of the best men and women came from an enterprising Connecticut teaching pro named Ben Rorion, whose son is the captain of this year's Princeton golf team. In the winter Rorion runs the golf at Harder Hall, which is one of a larger breed of resorts that doesn't even want your business unless you stand your water plan to play golf every day. A couple of years ago Rorion suggested to Herold (now) Renfield, president of Haig & Haig Importers, Ltd., who handle Haig & Haig whisky in the U.S., that he promote the tournament. Renfield, a golf bug, was wildly interested, but

mostly for the mixed Scotch angle. Eventually David Jacobson, one of a pair of brothers who run Harder Hall and nearby Pinecrest in the winter, went approached. Jacobson phoned Ed Carter, then tournament director for the PGA, and Carter forthwith assigned a date in late December, provided Haig & Haig put up \$15,000 for a two-day event.

A short time later Renfield had some second thoughts. Not he learned of the press's absurd practice of refusing to mention a brand name in reporting a sports event. For instance, the Bank Open, with a \$50,000 purse put up by General Motors, usually gets one line in the paper as the Flint Open, since it is held in Flint, Mich. The Lucky Lager Brewing Co. puts up a similar purse for a tournament in San Francisco, but it comes out in print as the Lucky International. Last year when the T.V. Sports division of ABC decided to sponsor a tournament, they went to all the trouble of staging it at The Seminole Club in Bradenton, Fla. The press couldn't get around that one.

On Carter's promise that he would supply a representative group of men pros, Renfield finally agreed to take a chance on it, and he put up the necessary \$15,000 last year for a two-day event. Carter also suggested that a field

of amateurs be invited. Jim Torricea and Gloria Armstrong won the pro division last year, Truman Connell and Barbara McIntire the amateur, and in some news reports Haig & Haig got mentioned. Renfield was pleased with the publicity and immediately pledged a \$25,000 purse for the 1961 event, which was lengthened to four days.

After splitting the winner's share, Mackie Wright took home \$1,735, the second-highest purse for a woman pro during the entire year (the Ladies' PGA Championships winner took \$2,900). That helps to explain why only four of the leading 20 money winners among the women were absent—three for family reasons, and Louise Suggs, because she couldn't play with Mike Souchak, who had an ailing wrist. This female turnout confirmed Ed Carter's prediction that "the girls will stand to Sebring on their hands and knees for that kind of dough."

As this year's tournament came to a close, there was some good talk among the Haig & Haig executives that the purse for next year's renewal might even be raised as high as \$50,000. For that kind of money, the Players and Patners and Sanderes and Asperen might want to bring in two and Scotch mixed foursomes might start to build up the kind of popularity they deserve. **END**

BEFORE PUTTING, MARLENE HAGGE LISTENS TO ADVICE FROM PARTNER DOW FRIESTERWALD IN FRONT OF PINECREST CLUBHOUSE



An Infinite Variety

The way of the world with a game is mirrored in all its astonishing variety in the following 40 pages. First, Barbara Heilman tells the very American story of Benjamin Edward Bensinger, Chicago businessman and supersportsman. Then action photographs (page 34) catch shining moments in sports that identify

by BARBARA HEILMAN

THE ENTHUSIAST

Benjamin Edward Bensinger, at 56, is kept very busy, making millions and millions of dollars. He brought it on himself, having deliberately taken over the Brunswick Corporation and, on purpose, jumped its net worth from \$22 million to more than \$200 million, but the fact is, his career as a good old-fashioned sports nut is going to hell. A fine specimen of the breed is rare and to be cherished when come upon, even if he has strayed and taken to working too hard. So let us consider Mr. Bensinger.

He was born in Chicago in 1905, and he and his brother Bob were the fourth generation to enter the family billiard and bowling equipment business (His own two younger brothers, Roger and Peter, are the fifth generation with the company—his oldest boy, Ted, worked for Brunswick for a time, but is now in Beverly Hills, Calif., organically engaged in "movements.") The business was begun unobtrusively by his great-grandfather, John Brunswick, a Swiss cabinetmaker, who obliged a customer by building him a billiard table in 1845.

nations almost as their flags do. Scholarly and entertaining, Alexander Eliot (page 44) chronicles the deeds of Heracles, first of the Olympian sportsmen and a Greek hero who tamed water in ways modern conservationists are trying to imitate. Finally (page 62), a gallery of the world's loveliest sportswomen, a theme that is particularly apropos in a year in which the wife of the President of the U.S. has done so much to lend an aura of glamour to the arena of sport

In 1961 his great-grandson is obliging Air customers with baseball, softball, golf, tennis, basketball, football, boxing, badminton, track, wrestling, volley-ball and soccer equipment, with every kind of hunting and fishing clothing, with ice skates and roller skates, bowling balls and automatic pin-setters, cisting reels and spinning reels and runabouts and yachts. And school furniture and hospital equipment. The exact number of items produced by all of Brunswick's divisions has never been calculated, but guesses have ranged as high as 100,000.

The Bensinger family has been socially prominent and well-to-do for generations, but it has been only in the last seven years that the company has operated on any such scale. It had been producing primarily billiard and bowling equipment, and even there had been dragging its feet, until in 1954 B. E. took over from his elder brother Bob and whipped the placid company into a froth. He put MIT Engineer Saul Jacobson in charge of developing an automatic pinsetter in the shortest possible time; the pinsetter achieved and financed by a series of enormous and improbable loans, Brunswick got back into the bowling business in a big way. From there it expanded into other areas, buying up such thriving, sturdy companies as MacGregor Sport Products and Queens Yacht,

and it now has arrived at a status more of empire than family business. The whole Brunswick complex as it exists at present is an extension of one man's astounding energy and drive; it is a monument to Bensinger and the American system of business management—and it is interfering with his duck calling.

Bensinger rides, hunts and fishes. He has fought bulls on Juan Belmonte's ranch and has run with them in Pamplona. He golfs and plays tennis and skis, shoots billiards, bowls, flies airplanes and, of course, calls ducks. In between, he goes to games to watch other people do things.

"I like things that are challenges," Bensinger said the other day, sitting quietly, as he rarely does, in the bullfight room of his North Shore apartment. "I spent hours and hours with phonograph records, learning how to blow that duck call. I got pretty good at it. I was invited to go to the Stuttgart duck-calling contest," he said, pleased. "About the airplanes," he went on, "during the war the factory in Muskegon, Mich. was doing a lot of defense work. We were building drone aircraft—plywood, twin-engine. We had to hire a lot of new people, and the foremen and superintendents had to know what was going on. So we arranged with the local high school to have classes a few nights a week—classes in fundamentals about planes, building planes, etc. I went originally just to act an

—continued



example... if the bow doesn't put himself out, who the hell else is going to?"—and I got interested and started taking flying lessons in off hours. It was still light at 6 o'clock, and I went after work if I didn't have classes or anything. I went from a single engine to a little more advanced, and a little more advanced, and when I got my license and read a lot of books I went for Link training." This required getting to Grand Rapids and back in time to start work at 8 a.m. After the single-engine rating, he got his multi-engine rating and qualified for a seaplane rating, and then about 1947 he applied the same thoroughness to dropping the whole thing. "I figured that unless I could fly a couple of hundred hours a year I might as quit," he said, and he quit.

"When they were flying," says his boy Peter of R. E. and his friends, "these guys would show up, bank presidents and one thing and another, and Dad would give driving lessons on the lawn." This period is clearly recalled by Mrs. Bersinger as well—in terms of ladders and flies to be extracted from the neighbors' trees.

Linda Bersinger, the former Linda Gabston of Woodmere, Long Island, N.Y., is a woman triumphantly more beautiful as a grandmother of six than her pictures show her to have been as a girl. For a woman who has said restrained, "I don't really have to sit for 99 years fishing in a boat," and who is inclined to look wistfully over her shoulder at a nightclub as she's being borne away into the Canadian wilds, she has held up splendidly under the 33 years of her marriage. She went skiing and caught cold on her honeymoon, and motherhood found her regularly in the stands at Wrigley Field next to B. E., the children on their laps, watching the Bears. "She was sort of a widow during certain seasons," as Roger puts it—certainly the duck- and goose-hunting seasons. B. E. has fished this hemisphere from the Chilean Andes to Alaska and spotted the rest of the world. Big game hunting has never been his passion; his particular fondness is for birds. "I love to shoot birds. I love to just see birds," he says, and with his crows he used to disappear regularly into Canada for goose and duck.

"They were dirt-and-shovel, dig-your-own-pit trips," Roger recalls. "They would fill up the station wagon with stuff and go. They were very portable, and they moved. They would get in the car early in the morning and sight a flight of geese, and then they'd try to figure out where the geese would be the next day. They'd make their pits and camouflage them and hope the geese would be there in the morning. I remember one year they had a chauffeur and took a pneumatic drill to dig the pits."

"That was my father's chauffeur," B. E. explained. "He's retired now—he loved everything about hunting, so he used to go with us." As for the drill, that made its appearance fairly late in the game. "It's all right when you're young, you can knock yourself out digging through it, but that ground is frozen solid after you get down two or three feet. It never thaws. And the fun was fooling the geese and making a perfect

pit. I used to really love it. I remember the first time I took Roger duck hunting—I wasn't sure he'd like it. I had a portable radio with me, to hear some football games. It happened to be a good day, and the ducks came in so beautifully that I got all excited and dropped the Zenith worldwide gadget off my lap and into the marsh. But Roger got some ducks, and he loved it."

B. E. introduced all the boys to sport early (if one may put it so passively). They were, Roger says, scarred on the Bears, and a Chicago pro basketball team called the Gems. When school was out, B. E. took them hunting and fishing—to Canada, to Acapulco, Miami and the Bahamas. When school was in, he was there, watching their football games, basketball games, track and tennis meets. "He was interested—and demanding," Roger says. "He wasn't overly complimentary about what I was doing, but he was always there, and that means a lot to a boy."

Bersinger's own father had traveled a great deal when B. E. was young, and took R. E. with him. "I can remember catching *Fireflies* near Baden-Baden when I was 5," Bersinger said, lighting a cigarette, "and I used to go with my mother and listen to band concerts all over Germany. I did develop a fondness for music, although I'm tone-deaf. I try to play the piano, and I played the mandolin and the banjo—very badly." "He knows opera," his wife says happily. "All the other wives have trouble getting their husbands to go to the opera. Not me, and he tells me all the stories and sounds like Damon Runyon." Also, when he was a little boy he underwent six weeks of being taken every day for four or six hours to the Louvre. He claims to be unscarred by this cultural advantage, but Roger observes that on a family tour of Europe in 1950 his father got through the Louvre at a sort of dead run, "and I was right behind him."

In the days before Brunswick marshmowed, Bersinger had been free to take his own boys on a number of extended trips, and this European tour of 1950 is remembered as the best of them. Bersinger packed the family into a big Lincoln and drove them everywhere to do everything; no cathedral in Europe, Peter says, has gone unnoticed. Linda had done a massive job of organizing that held up until they got to Spain, where it, and Linda and Mr. Traveltini, the travel agent, underwent something of a strain. "When we got to Spain," Peter recalls, "Mr. Traveltini had to make so many changes in our hotel space he nearly went out of his mind. Dad would say there's a better bullfight here, or there, and we'd have to go." Before the boys' first bullfight B. E. had insisted that they know what they would be watching. They read and read of course, *Brink* in the *Afternoon* from cover to cover—with the result that both younger boys went berserk from the first. They went to the apartments at 12 and were late for lunch. They went to bullfights, they took movies, they met bullfighters and went up to their hotel rooms. "Belmonte's a quiet, courteous man," Roger says. "Charming. And Ordóñez is very quiet. But Dominguez! Flash! Really a flashy guy. I remember seeing him before he went out to fight a bull—he would straighten his jacket and his eyebrows." Roger

The Bersinger family: top row from left to right: James, son Ted's wife; Linda Bersinger; B.E. Bottom row, from left to right: son Peter and his wife Linda; Roger, Ted, James, Roger's wife.

pulled at his lapels and straightened his eyebrows, and there it was—a very flashy guy. “We spent the next whole summer doing nothing but going to bullfights. Peter was really crazy about it—we had to keep an eye on him or he would have been an *espionista* [i.e., a spontaneous or volunteer agent] and jumped into the ring. The Spanish newspapers mentioned him, the possible new North American agent, and all that. We used to practice. We bought cages and we bought *hossfritos*, we looked in the mirror and studied angles, and every night we practiced poses. It was all a little hard on Mother,” he added thoughtfully.

Linda just did what she always does about this sort of thing. She had a party. She loves to have parties. Her answer to R.E.'s hunting trips was, for example, to give the Buck Hunter's Ball, for which she decorated the Conrad Hilton in Chicago as a field. For the bullfight party she had an arena built on the lawn, got a band to play proper bullfight music and put a friend of Peter's into a bull costume. Bessinger, Roger and Peter got to be matadors, and a splendid picture of them in their suits of lights commemorates the occasion in the bullfight room. There were the Decoration Day parties, to which everyone brought something (Dr. Ralph Bennett once brought a cow, under the heading of beverages). There was the trout-fishing party, for which the swimming pool was filled with trout. No guest could anything—Linda later decided the fish had been too recently fed—and the next morning, about 6, Peter and Roger smoked out of the house and cleaned it.

The most marvelous party, however, was for Roger's sixth birthday. Ever since the boys used to gather around the radio and submerge themselves in the doings of The Lone Ranger. Just before the birthday Linda said to Roger, “Why don't you write to station WGN and send an invitation to your party to The Lone Ranger?” and Roger did, with what degree of confidence is not recorded. Came the birthday, the children were sitting in a circle in the yard, and with a thunder of hooves and cries of, “There's work to be done in the canyon!” who comes crashing through the bushes? B.J. Bessinger and Seymour Oppenheimer, that's who, though the boys actually did not know it until years later. “His suit was white suede, and he had guns and a mask and everything—it was gorgeous!” Linda says. Bessinger is tall and dark, an enormous handsome man, his white stallion reared and pranced and, as Peter recalls, “He went all pained.” Perhaps this prevented their observing critically that Tonto had a mustache. (“Tonto doesn't have a mustache.” Linda had promised, but their friend Seymour Oppenheimer had said firmly that, well, this afternoon he would.) The Lone Ranger invited everyone to come up and ride with him, but the invitation was declined with terror by all but one little girl, and eventually Roger. It was a pretty dashing party, and one of the pleasantest recollections is probably Peter's, of his father's habit of coming home from work to listen to The Lone Ranger with them. Actually, he was boring up on his part—what saves The Lone Ranger and Tonto had been frequenting, and when they were saving from what. It was

in point of fact more a sort of homework for B.E. than the shared passion Peter recalls.

The Bessinger house in Highland Park where the boys grew up is described as Georgian, but it strikes me first as pure house: it is gracious and ample, room-covered and floor-to-ceil furniture and carpets and wallpaper bespeak their quality by mostly attesting this side of the shabbiness to which the Bessinger exuberance would have reduced anything but excellent. The upstairs sitting room seems filled with chairs and ottomans, glass bowls and antique dishes, an old iron desk and a modern telephone stand, a motley assortment of pictures and great warmth. Down the hall is the Bessingers' bedroom, overlooking the pool and the statue, windows all the way around in that with the shades up it has the air of a sleeping porch. The boys' rooms have been long over. Lady's is a bit mummy for the grandchildren, and the walls of what was Peter and Roger's have been painted white instead of the philosophical beige of the days when the boys frequented bookshelves of them. The bookshelves remain intact: one finds *Twelve Days*, the *De Bunkers*, *Moby-Dick*, and *Indian Ancestry*. And *Just So Stories*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Andersen* and *Grimm*, the *Just So Stories* and the *Angels Book*. In the attic there are the built-in cedar closets full of hunting clothes and equipment. There are old ice skates hanging on rails, and boxes marked “Boring Glasses” and several pairs of cunchees. There are lake shoes, tennis shoes, club shoes, football shoes, swimming and tennis trophies, and the magnificent Gun and Tennis Club Trophy. (The Gun and Tennis Club was begun by 4 and 6 and 11, and involved gun and tennis. The trophy was awarded for on the Bessinger court.) It is a steel mixing bowl, with the Gun and Tennis Club emblem, crossed racket and gun handle, and the names of champions from 1938 to 1940 all embossed in red, green or white paint.

There are boxes of costumes, and boxes that say, “Red Christmas Snock,” “Old Curtains,” “Red, White and Blue Bunting and Silver Bell,” “Mr. B. Old Fashioned Bathing Suit” (“It's really his bathing suit,” Roger's wife says), “Red Devil Halloween Costume,” “Rascal Blue Farmer Blue,” “Red Cross Production Uniform,” “Quatre Croix,” “Mars hen,” and “Wedding Dress, Nightgown and Wedding Shoes.” There are cribs and a green form, and a closet with “Buck's Short Coats On This Side” and “All Ted's Summer Suits October 1951.” And an old steel Zipper on wheels long and pictures of cowboys and cacti on the walls, propped in a very youthful hand to be the work of “Peter B.”

Outside, the tennis court lies along the cutting gardens, almost facing the kennels, where the retrievers, old Sue and young Luffy and Amber, look out at even a stranger hopeful of action. They haven't got a chance. B.E. isn't going to get in much hunting this year. He may get up to his knee on brown seven miles of the Reservoir to which Linda has enthusiastically relocated the deer heads, moose heads, birds and took of 30 years of suburban life, but the most path, he will just go on keeping two dogs.

Bessinger claims he will retire at 60. If he doesn't, he will at 65, and by that time at least his grandchildren will be new. The great outdoors would do well to be resting up. **END**



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'62 BUICK

The Universal Tug and Tempo of Sport



The games men play change magically from nation to nation, but each has its moments of beauty and high excitement, as the pictures below and on the next eight pages disclose. Here, for example, a village cricket match in England creates an atmosphere of late-afternoon, late-summer tranquility





In India These intense youngsters play *hurl*
hockey, the national pastime there and one



that is popular in Pakistan and other lands
still influenced by British sporting traditions.

In South Africa players on Rugby teams from rival
mining towns scramble for the ball in one of the



innumerable periods of orderly turmoil or patterned confusion permitted by the rules of many games







In Turkey wrestlers meet each year in a week-long tournament started by sultans 300 years ago for army training

In Spain an impassioned pelota a mano champion gets set for a full-arm smash during a contest in Barcelona

In Australia, in the oceanic distances of the
Outback, where the nearest neighbor may live 100



miles away, horse racing provides its familiar, universal fascination at a meet at Besoota (pop. 14)



The *Water Tamer*," which begins on the next page, is Alexander Eliot's interpretation of the myth of Heracles (or Hercules), the strong man of the ancient Greeks, the greatest athlete of the age of legend. Eliot, who lives in Greece, has done extensive research into the art and literature of the ancients. His version of the Heracles legend is a startling departure from the standard tradition; he sees such of the strange, wildly imaginative adventures as having a solid basis in reality.

Of Eliot's treatment of Heracles, Professor Howard N. Porter of Columbia University, a leading authority on Greek literature, says: "When Nietzsche's 'Birth of Tragedy' appeared, the greatest Greek scholar of the day, Wilamowitz, was appalled and regarded it as a threat to everything he stood for. Some spiritual descendants of Wilamowitz will no doubt be offended by 'The Water Tamer,' and it is perfectly true that the piece is not a historically valid report on the Heracles of Homer, or of Euripides, or any other version in our sources. But it may be doubted if a valid interpretation of the myth in general is possible or, if possible, would be of the least interest. The legend is a vast inherited conglomerate of motifs, many mutually contradictory. It comes alive only when edited, distorted if you will, by a Homer, an Ariosto, a Nietzsche, a Freud, a Robert Graves or an Alexander Eliot. 'The Water Tamer' is a beautifully written and richly imaginative addition to the lore of Heracles. Witness the cornucopia, first transferred from Amalthea to Hercules by Orpheus and now gloriously become an irrigation ditch in Eliot's version. The interpretation of the dragon of Troy as a polluted well is not scientific or historical, i. e., we have no hard evidence that such an interpretation was made in antiquity, yet it is the nature of such matters to suggest such meanings, and Eliot's whole treatment is innately true to the spirit of Greek mythopoeia. To interpret Heracles as a sort of Henry J. Kaiser has been a brilliant feat of imaginative translation. The numinous, magic quality remains intact, but the incidents are transposed into terms relevant to our day—no mean achievement."

THE WATER TAMER

BY ALEXANDER ELIOT
PAINTINGS BY EUGENE BERMAN



Some 4,000 years ago the greatest of all athletes took to wrestling rivers. Relentlessly he bent their ways to the purposes of men and earth: irrigation, flood control, hydraulic power, sanitation, military strategy and logistics. He was a one-man TVA project, and more, for the entire Mediterranean basin. Something of all this had been prophesied by the Oracle of Delphi, when she sent him forth into the world at 18. On that occasion Delphi coined a name for him, which combined "hera" and "cles." The Romans read it Hercules, as most people still do. But the Water Tamer's true name was Heracles, renowned for his services to mankind. The "hera" part of his name stood not for the Goddess Hera (as is generally supposed) but for service, and "cles" meant renown.

Heracles stood at the dawn of organized sport, and it was he who founded the Olympic Games. His own athletic prowess has never yet been equaled. But, the times being still barbarous, he himself found few opportunities for friendly rivalry. Instead, his contests were genuine in the fullest possible sense. He served mankind surpassingly well, and took great risks with his own head, hands and feet. In fact, Heracles was not only the best athlete in history, but also the very first one to devote his entire strength and skill to mankind—both the living and the not yet born.

Since we ourselves are on the verge of finishing the job that Heracles began, this seems a most auspicious moment to remember him. We have tamed the Columbia, the Snake and St. Lawrence, and built a fine canal at Hungry Horse. The message is spreading and halters are even now being fashioned for the chocolate-colored Nile, the sacred streams of India, and that ravenous dragon that is called the Yellow River. Before the century is out we will have tamed all that remain of the strongest and longest wild things. Among the millions of diggers, riggers and engineers who take part in this worldwide river-taming campaign, few today are aware of the stories of Heracles, although he was their original champion. In more than half of Heracles' adventures water played a leading role. He kept compelling it, by a series of life-and-death struggles.

All that we know of Heracles comes from ancient art, and from legend—which is the same thing as say-

ing semification. In his case the legends are drawn from a deep well indeed, from long before Homer, and before Greek history itself began. Therefore they are often self-contradictory and open to various interpretations. Some Greek playwrights made him passion's plaything. The Stoic philosophers, on the contrary, thought him a Stoic. Astrologists read his labors as a progress through the signs of the zodiac. A student of Sir James Frazer's "Golden Bough," or of Robert Graves, will tend to make the athlete a figure of bloody superstition. Such modern scholars as Kerényi and Fontenrose see him as a champion against Death. But, looking at the whole of Heracles' story, one cannot help noticing how it will dwarf any one man's view. For if the literature in itself is vast, Heracles' behind-the-scenes influence on human thought and action has been incalculably great. Detailed scholarship collapses, like a pup tent in a gale, before this benevolent thunderhead. No mere examination of the evidence, however elaborate, can put him in perspective. This greatest of all athletes will never be anatomized. Instead, he has to be imagined.

The record that follows is limited to Heracles' struggles in which water looms largest. His water-taming aspect was not entirely lost on the ancients, by any means, and no scholar would deny it altogether. Yet it has never, to my knowledge, been given the emphasis, and indeed centrality, I think it deserves. To try to do that I will tell each relevant story as a story (the semification it is) and back it up with an interpretation based upon the ascertainable facts.

Heracles' first chance to serve mankind as a water tamer came soon after leaving Delphi, when he arrived at the seaside town of Ierna. The people on the street were silent, pale and apparently consumed with fear. Why? Heracles, burning with curiosity and the hope of adventure, pulled up at a tavern in the center of town. He ordered beef and wine for himself and his charioteer; then, while eating, he questioned the proprietor. It seemed that the whole village was mortgaged to a terrible monster called Hydra. The name related to water, yet Hydra was no ordinary spring.

She lived beneath a plane tree just ahead, where the road dipped toward the beach. Her seven venomous serpent heads burst from the ground together and spilled, flickering across the way, into the sea. She was a fountain of evil, taking constant toll of travelers. Moreover, when enraged she would leave her lair and roil right into the village, even as far as the tavern door, looting and killing. All in all, concluded the proprietor, the young gentlemen would do well to avoid her and go back the same way they had come.

Heracles thanked him and went on eating. His club, a little over three feet long, of knobby, polished olive wood, leaned against the table at his side. When he had done, he rose, brushed himself off, took up his club, nodded to his charioteer and ducked silently out the door. The townspeople, peering through their belted shutters, saw him stroll the few blocks to the plane tree and stand in its shade, idly twirling his club in one hand. He was whistling, as if to himself, but Hydra heard him and she boiled blackly up. Instantly he waded in against her, with his club flashing, bashing and thudding against the liquid, lethal heads that spread twining, surrounding, filling the dappled shade with poison froth. Soon Heracles was in serious trouble. For each darting, mucky head that he crushed, two new ones instantly grew. And as if that were not enough, a giant crab sidled up out of the sea behind him as he fought, pinching Heracles' ribs in the barnacled vise of a gate-size claw.

It was then that Heracles' charioteer, waiting under orders at the tavern, heard a shout that would never once be heard again: his master's cry for help in battle. The youth snatched a burning branch from the tavern hearth, dashed to the rescue and drove his weapon's fiery point against the eyes of the implacable crab. The murderous claw fell open; Heracles bounded free. As silently as it had come, the crab retreated wincing underneath the waves.

When evening fell upon the blood-soaked shore, Hydra lay hissing and frothing still—but she also had gone down in defeat, safely pinned and imprisoned "beneath a stone."

What sort of stone? Who knows? They say that it was very large, and that is all. But here's an interesting clue: Lerna, the site of the struggle, changed its name to Miloí, which is Greek for "the mills," and

Miloí it remains today. This suggests that Heracles succeeded in confining the raging waters to a single channel, and that he, so to speak, squeezed Hydra into a millrace. In which case the mysterious stone above the deathless monster's prison must have been and still remains a millstone, forever grinding as she groans to make man's bread.

It must be confessed that before leaving Hydra to her new career of service Heracles knelt and delicately dipped his stock of arrows into her—to poison them. Although he was to prove himself as generous-hearted as any man in history, Heracles was obviously no saint. Before going on with his adventures it may be well to take a closer look at this contradictory hero. Some chroniclers, notably the Greek poet Pindar, say that he was physically smaller than average. That is most unlikely. However, an extremely well-knit man will always seem less than his actual size and weight because he is so concentrated, so pulled together. According to the more common and reasonable accounts, Heracles was a big man, heaviest but hard, the fullback type. His feet were slender, quick and sure; he went barefoot the year round. His hands were finely formed, and yet the handshake of Heracles was something to avoid at all costs. This, too, involved a danger: if he thought himself snubbed, Heracles' jovial expression became rocklike, while his curly beard seemed about to crackle into flame.

For clothing, Heracles had a lion pelt, the relic of a fearsome beast that he had encountered on his way to Delphi and strangled in his bare arms. To flay the lion for his purpose, Heracles had used its own sharp claws. He wore the pelt—a kind of cape, with what had been the forelegs loosely knotted across his chest, and the snarling muzzle pulled up over his brow like a helmet. Just above his fierce blue eyes, the lion's eyes of inland jauper shone.

¶ Heracles' physical appearance was both admirable and frightening, so was his inner nature. He was passionately loyal, yet only a handful of heroes dared to call him friend. He was seldom chivalrous, yet women could never help falling for him. The general

run of Heracles' contemporaries looked upon him with mingled fear, gratitude and awe. Their feeling is summed up in a line from the Greek playwright Aristophanes: "Best not to rear a lion in the state, but, once he's reared, it's best to humor him."

Just like a lion, Heracles moved often, slept in the open and feasted heavily. Men laughed at his gluttony (behind his back, of course) and yet, strangely enough, the only contest he ever lost was an over-eating match at a country fair. Heracles laughed a lot himself, and cried too, as well and freely as a child. He boozed, bragged, bellowed and bawled. Meanwhile, to cross him was to die, for mortal men, Heracles violently obeyed the not-so-golden rule of his age: "Do unto others as they would like to do unto you."

Consider for example his handling of Diomedes. This ruler was lavishly hospitable but easily bored. Whenever a guest offended or began to pall, Diomedes would take the man out back and feed him to the horses. In fact, he kept a stableful of man-eating mares for just that purpose. To stop the practice, Heracles now traveled on from Lerna to Diomedes' country. It was evening when he topped a rise of land and saw the palace half a mile ahead, all atwinkle with welcoming lights. Heracles said goodly to his brave charioteer and strolled on alone through the gathering gloom. Soon afterward he was shaking the dread gates, roaring for admission.

Diomedes, who was at dinner, smiled, licked his fingertips and ordered that the loud stranger be welcomed at once to the feast. Within the next few hours Heracles ate and drank far more than was proper, boasted some, sang a couple of hoarse songs and went to sleep where he sat. Diomedes, beaming now, detailed six of his strongest men to carry Heracles up to the main guest room. It looked as if this large bullfellow would give the horses something to chew on for quite a while. But he wanted the man conscious.

At about the witching hour Heracles awakened, much refreshed. He slipped downstairs to finish off the wine put in the dark, yawned and made his leisurely way out to the stable. The mares whinnied hungrily. Stepping light and fast now he opened their stall and swung up onto the leader's back. As she reared he kicked his heels hard against her ribs,



twined a hunk of her mane in his fist and brought her out from the barn at a gallop. The others followed, snorting, manes tossing silver in the moonlight, through the yard, over the fence and away for the starry horizon before the guards could so much as draw breath to cry, "Thief!"

By dawn Heracles had reached the shore, and his mares were played out. He galloped them across a tidal basin, which was dry at that hour, and reined them on the high, forested point of a sandbar some dis-

tance from shore. The pearly light turned pink as the sun rose; ruby rivulets meandered through the sandbar toward shore. Meanwhile, as Heracles had expected, a cavalry pursuit led by Diomedes appeared on shore and made straight for him over the shell-strewn basin of sand. But Heracles ignored them; he had found an old timber from a wreck and he was using it to dig a channel through the sandbar, really putting his back into the work, lost from sight within a purple cloud of flying sand. Now the sea started thrusting through the channel, its mounting tide shouldering even Heracles to one side. He scrambled for the bank and stood still, shading his eyes to see his pursuers tumbled and drowned amid the oncoming waves. There was only one man whom he cared to rescue: Diomedes. After some time Heracles waded out to collar the king, dragged him from the brine and flung him as a breakfast to the ravening mares. It seemed to quiet them.

As former instruments of human sacrifice the mares were considered sacred and inviolable. So instead of slaughtering them, Heracles finally loosed the creatures in a mountain fastness, empty of mankind, where they learned to like grass.

The age of Heracles was very like our own Wild West, only wilder, with no sheriffs and no schoolteachers—pretty or otherwise. Cattle country then included all of southern Europe and most of the Middle East besides. Throughout this vast territory, cattle were the normal medium of exchange, borderlines were fluid, and hostile tribes battled for pasturage or for their ancient hunting grounds. Killing, burning, lynching, raping, raiding and rustling were the order of the day. Cattle barons passed for kings, and any horseman was a noble. Crooks were crooks, of course, and they were everywhere. Heroes were comparatively few in number, then as now. Heroes need elbowroom. But about the only western refinements they lacked were sombreros and six-shooters. Heracles, the greatest of them all, made do with his club, a powerful ram's-horn bow and, of course, the Hydra-poisoned arrows.

But Diomedes he defeated without weapons, only

with water; the Red Sea drowning of Pharaoh's forces, when they pursued Moses, is an obvious parallel.

Seldom did Heracles make actual warfare his concern. The oracle had said that he would be renowned for service, not for conquest, so he campaigned only when his personal honor seemed at stake. He was provoked, however, by the Minyans: a very ancient tribe of fierce horsemen and the terror of central Greece. They occupied a high grassy pocket of land, a seemingly impregnable fortress from which their chariot-mounted war parties ranged far and wide, raiding almost at will. That is, until they stumbled over Heracles one night. Indignantly, he beat the raiders off. Then secretly and alone he spied out their land, discovering in time that their stronghold happened to be drained by just two narrow gorges down through the mountains to the sea. Accordingly, he waited for a night of downpour and then blocked the gorges with boulders, suddenly flooding the enemy out. Their cavalry came, looking for him over the narrow mountain trails, only to be picked off by Heracles' arrows, one after another, until not a single warrior was left.

This grim story has a happy ending, although long delayed. Archaeologists have identified the channels that Heracles blocked, and engineers recently cleared the boulders that dammed them up. So after its long punishment the Minyan land lies fair and open to the sunshine once again.

Heracles' next mission was to Augeas, King of Elis and the biggest cattle baron in all Greece. Something had to be done about the king's stables, which had never once been cleaned. Their deep streaming filth spread a pestilence throughout the countryside, so Heracles had sworn to get rid of it all. Here again, as in the Minyan fastness, he reconnoitered carefully before making his presence known. Then he went straight up to Augeas and announced that the morrow would be spring-cleaning day. His proposition was to make the whole place spotless between sunrise and sunset. His price: one-tenth of the king's cattle—or nothing if he failed. Better men than Augeas would mistake Heracles' gusto for stupidity. Thinking to get a day's free labor from a muscular madman, the king sealed the bargain.





When Heracles promised a spring cleaning, he meant precisely that. Bright and early the next morning he dammed and diverted a mountain stream to send its torrents through the stables. Then Heracles, clean-handed and unmussed, broke his dam and returned the cataract to its proper plunging place. The noon sun dried and purified Augeas' grounds. What had been a miasmal purgatory was transformed into a setting of pastoral bliss. The birds sang; the cattle shone like new; men breathed again. Heracles, humming like a swarm of bees in his contentment, sauntered to the palace to collect. But Augeas himself was still dirty. He refused payment on the grounds that water demons, and not Heracles, had done the actual work. The hero, unpredictable as ever, let him off with that excuse.

Recent excavations in Israel throw a curious sidelight on this tale. It is now known that certain Old Testament communities were designed for just such cleaning methods as Heracles employed. Ingeniously devised aqueducts were built to direct the neighboring streams right through each street and barn and even through some houses on the nights preceding holy days.

While he could never bear to bargain or to press for the rewards that his services rightly merited, Heracles was not so averse to outright robbery. In this, as in many other virtues and vices, he remained a child of the penal, careless, bitter and, above all, glorious age that bore him. So, repenting of his softness to Augeas, he turned right around and resolved to revenge his honor in foreign parts, by rustling the red herd of Geryon, the King of the Golden West.

This domain corresponded, apparently, to modern Portugal. Rumor insisted that Geryon ruled the kingdom in triplicate, as it were. He was endowed with three complete physiques, joined at the neck to a single regal countenance. This arrangement made Geryon a busy buzz-saw type of fighter, a formidable fellow who towered as two-headed man, and he was certain to resist Heracles to the death. Geryon's very prowess and courage were to be his own doom, however, since they had served to attract Heracles' distant eye. Like all champions, Heracles was often at pains to

find suitable opponents for himself, and Geryon sound-
ed worthy. Just to make the game more difficult,
Heracles swore not only to defeat the king but further-
more to drive the red herd all the way back to Greece.
These cattle, sleek and fleecy as a sunset cloud, were
accounted the world's most desirable.

Heracles chose a surprisingly roundabout manner
of getting his new adventure under way. He sailed first
to Cyrene, on the green Libyan coast. From there he
struck southward across a second, less hospitable sea:
the Sahara Desert. He was making for what is now
known as the Siwa Oasis: a lush little island of date
palms, hard to find, no more than a single green dot
amid the shifting and burning blankets of trackless
sand. In those days it was called Ammon, a grove
sacred to Zeus, the king of the gods. Ammon had a
resident priesthood whose beginnings had been lost in
the mist of ages long before Heracles himself was born.
Its oracle was felt to be the voice of Zeus himself. For
these reasons, and despite the extreme difficulty of
reaching it, the sacredness of Ammon ranked second
only to Delphi's in the ancient world. There, if any-
where, Heracles believed, he would learn at last the
truth about his parentage. For Heracles had heard that
Zeus was his real father.

Even before Heracles arrived, the god
granted him a sign. Like many another
petitioner of Ammon, Heracles became
hopelessly lost in the desert. He was dying of thirst
when, furious at so meaningless a fate, he stamped
his foot hard upon the ground. Where the sand lay
dusted a cool spring instantly gushed forth. Refreshed
by it, Heracles found his way once more and soon
afterward came stumbling into the presence of the
god. To keep from blinding Heracles, radiant Zeus
addressed him through a golden ram's-head mask. It is
said that he acknowledged the hero as his natural son,
fated to accomplish yet greater labors, to endure un-
told suffering and to become immortal.

Although this seems at first glance to be one of the
least likely events in Heracles' career, it may well have
happened almost precisely as it is told here. Everyone
knows the instinct of certain diviners for finding

water in desert places. Heracles, whose life was so
intimately bound up with water, may well have pos-
sessed that instinct. Moreover, in historic times Alex-
ander the Great made a similar pilgrimage to Ammon
that had a similar outcome. He, too, was lost and
rescued on his way to the oasis by a "miracle" (this
time attested by known witnesses), and it appears
that the oracle gave Alexander a similar reassurance
of divine descent.

Following his dark encouragement by Father Zeus,
Heracles made his way back to the Mediterranean
and took ship for Portugal. But at the Strait of Gi-
braltar heavy seas and adverse winds combined to
hold him back. (This will come as no surprise to
seafaring men: the Straits are still a dangerous bottle-
neck for running under sail.) Heracles was not one
to acquiesce in idleness. As an aid to future naviga-
tion and to while away the weeks he spent awaiting
fair winds into the Atlantic, he built lofty towers
for fire beacons on both the African and the Euro-
pean coasts.

The Pillars of Hercules were to remain standing
and in actual use well into Roman times.

While Heracles still labored at the Straits, news
of his coming and his purpose were brought to King
Geryon. The triple giant could not but fume at such
barefaced insolence, yet he found it amusing also.
In his heart he, too, welcomed the struggle. Mean-
while, it was for him to choose his weapons and the
field, and furthermore to arrange a suitably dramatic
setting. He ordered first that the challenger's vessel
be barred from the port and Heracles alone brought
off to shore, giddily spinning in a little gilded dingly.
The people were to welcome the hero in silence
and mock mourning. A troop of weary old women,
heavily veiled, were to escort him up the winding
cliff road to the citadel and leave him alone at the
last turning, where the road ran straight on up to
the iron gate. All that was done, accordingly, upon
the fatal day. Heracles stood alone in the middle of
the sunny road, leaning on his club, before the gate.
Silently it opened outward.

King Geryon, armed cap-a-pie in his war chariot,
came rattling down upon Heracles like a human
threshing machine for threshing humans, while dou-
ble-bladed battle-axes, each one sharp enough to draw

blood from the wind, whined and flashed in all six of his hands.

So, in the few seconds of grace that distance gave him, Heracles laid aside his club, strung an arrow, circled swiftly to one side and shot, transfixing all three of Geryon's chests and hearts at once. The battle-axes sheared from the giant's hands, slashing up an arc of oak forest as he toppled and bumped, caught in the reins and dragged by his maddened horses on down the road to its first turning and straight on over the precipice into the gray Atlantic Ocean far below. As down he sank, Geryon's writhing limbs seemed to take a new form, and men say that he became a malevolent giant squid.

What followed for Heracles may not be quite the longest cattle drive in history, but it still stands among the most laborious. He chose the coast of southern Europe for his route because, however winding the way, it would be clear enough at all times: he had only to keep the sea on his right and stay with it, in order to reach home. But at the Rhone delta, rustlers attacked in force. He drove them off with a shower of stones, which supposedly accounts for the plain of fist-size stones near the mouth of the Rhone today. During his needless detour of the entire Italian boot, Heracles built a mile-long causeway to get his cattle across a bay near Naples. Farther on he dug a lake to water them. Nearing home at last, he found his way barred by a river too deep and swift for the cattle to ford, so he dammed it up. He got his loot to Greece all right. Heracles may have been a little impulsive at times, but he was also indefatigable.

The struggle with Geryon is almost pure myth. I believe that this fearsome sunset monarch stood for Father Time, the seemingly unconquerable, and that his three bodies symbolized Past, Present and Future. Heracles' subsequent long-way cattle drive served to explain his numerous Italian sanctuaries. The stories told about him there made Heracles a founder of hydraulic engineering throughout the country.

Hardly had Heracles celebrated his return to Greece

when word came that the city of Troy was falling fast, attacked by a relentless water dragon. Heracles generously marched at once to the rescue. It was his nature to do so and, furthermore, no patriotic scruples stood in his way at that point. The Trojan War, immortalized in Homer, was still to come. For the moment Trojans and Greeks stood in close alliance.

Arriving at the city after a series of forced marches, Heracles held a hurried consultation with its trembling king and courtiers. Then he ordered the immediate construction of a high rampart to contain the monster. Just then it was sleeping off a large dinner of people. The next time it awakened and opened its great jaws, Heracles, who had been waiting, sword in hand, upon the parapet, leaped straight down the dragon's gullet, out of sight.

Why the sword? That was never a part of Heracles' battle gear. As a public servant and champion of the oppressed he had always made a point of doing without aristocratic weaponry. He had found the plain club and bow, such as any peasant might carry in those days, quite sufficient for dealing with kings and monsters alike up to now. But this struggle would be different and it called for something new.

Nobody need assume that all of Heracles' exploits have a basis in fact, yet even the tale of the Trojan dragon seems so. The monster may well have represented a polluted well: the prime scourge of ancient cities in peacetime. Pollution brought plague, which could wipe out whole populations. That is why the ancients made a practice of abandoning polluted cities forever. Archaeologists have come across many such sites, untouched by earthquake, fire, flood or war: cities that died intact and remained that way—with doors swinging open, fires laid, tables set and beds turned down with slippers under them—until old earth accorded its own slow green burial to all. But rather than abandon their capital, the Trojans chose to trust in Heracles. Their city was destined for another sort of toppling, clangorous and bloody, brought by no dragon but a wooden horse, in days to come.

Heracles' first step, then, appears to have been the construction of a retaining wall around the entire neighborhood of the polluted well. Its purpose: to keep both animals and men clear of the infected

area; also to minimize dangerous seepage of the poisoned waters into adjacent streets and cellars. This is still standard practice in such cases. The next step nowadays would be to dump truckloads of powerful dissolvents and disinfectants down the well itself, cleaning and sterilizing it by chemical means. Heracles lacked the necessary chemicals, of course, and so he had to perform the crucial part of the work in person—scouring a live dragon's guts.

It must have shocked the Trojan gentry to see a shining weapon lowered to so menial a task, however dangerous. But a spade requires two hands, whereas Heracles had only one hand free, so the sword served his purpose well. In his other hand he must have carried a torch, while a thick hawser, looped about his chest, became his lifeline to the world above. Occasionally he would call for fresh torches to be lowered on a second rope. Bread also came down when he called for it, along with some preventive medicine in the form of sour wine. Hour by hour he spiraled lower and lower down the sides of the black well, scouring with the sword as he descended to search out the dragon's black heart, the ultimate source of the plague.

Not until he found it would Heracles emerge, for fear of polluting his fellows at the surface. For the present he remained a pariah, exiled to the depths of the earth. What with the ever-increasing darkness and clamminess of the air as he descended, the work slowed more and more. Day passed into night and dawned again as he went down, shaving with his sword the bearded muck from every dribbling crevice. Sometimes, casting a torch end into the dark water below, he would catnap, swinging upright in his hawser, as a fresh torch swung toward him like a slow-falling star. At last he reached the slimed surface and waded down through it, still scouring, as the water passed his ankles, his knees, his waist. . . . Then suddenly his sword struck soft flesh. Sweating now, fearful for the second time in his life, he managed to impale the thing and raise it above water level to the light of his torch. It was a water-logged, green-rooted carcass, gleaming with phosphorescent growths.

Helpless in itself was this sodden, pustulent placenta of slow pestilence, yet it sent hot and cold shudders throughout Heracles' hardy frame. He called

for chains to be lowered. Scarcely daring to breathe, he got them wrapped around the thing and brought it safely up into the sunshine. The Trojans called it simply "the dragon's heart." Not one of them dared go near enough to see precisely what it was, in fact, and Heracles himself never told. Perhaps it was only an infected calf or pig that had fallen into the well months previously, or it may have been the all-too-well-concealed corpse of a man murdered by poison, wreaking vengeance upon the entire city. Whatever it really was, Heracles bore his dripping burden to a hilltop far beyond the walls of Troy and burned it to ashes on a blazing pyre.

The next requirement was to purify himself. Heracles therefore plunged deeper still into the woods until he found a secluded meadow divided by an icy stream. There he constructed a little hut of pine branches to serve as a sweat bath. He built a fire inside it, with flat rocks laid across the flames. As soon as the rocks began to glow, Heracles began pouring cold water over them, steaming the dragon's breath from his limbs.

He had not come unscathed from the struggle. Tradition asserts that Heracles temporarily lost every hair of his head—pointing to a violent bout of fever that the sweat bath presumably cured. To complete the cure, he swam down the stream. Then, having rubbed himself down with olive oil and sand he gave himself over to healing sleep at last.

At sunrise the next day he surprised a spotted deer drinking from the stream, shot it and sacrificed it to Apollo, Averter of Plague. The griffed-venison breakfast that followed completed his recovery. Feeling very like his old self again, Heracles retraced his steps toward Troy. It occurred to him to ask for some little reward as a token of his service and of the city's gratitude. The king's own chariot horses would do very nicely, he thought, being snowy white, splendid to see and surpassingly swift to follow.

However, it so happened that the king of Troy thought much more of his chariot team than he did of Heracles. Secretly, sneeringly, he told his courtiers that the royal span was much too fine a gift to



offer in return for what amounted to a sanitation job. On the other hand, Heracles did look as if he might be capable of violence when aroused. Troy's reputation for generosity had also to be considered. That reputation must be protected at all costs—short of the horses. After mulling this over, the king's ministers offered an alternative. Conceal the king's steeds, substitute a pair of ordinary white rags and present the substitutes to Heracles as a most precious gift, accompanied by fanfare and fine oratory. The Trojans at court all assured each other and the king that Heracles would never know the difference.

The event proved them right, it seemed. Heracles sat through the speeches, graciously accepted the reins of the two white jades from the king's own hand, had the creatures hitched at once to his chariot and drove slowly but grandly off into the sunset.

Heracles was cut to the quick, and therefore doubly careful to conceal the fact. As he rode away, he kept turning over in his mind a question that was to plague him all his life. He was very far from being stupid or tasteless; his inmost principle, you might say, was noble obligation; and yet men constantly mistook him for a boor. Why? Heracles, like most misunderstood people, kept trying to find the answer in others or in some general rule. Actually, it lay very close to home.

He was of the earth, earthy, with big appetites, blackened, broken fingernails, freckled shoulders and a furrowed brow. These things alone were quite sufficient to conceal Heracles' heroic nature, as in a cloud, from all snobs.

The same earthiness sets Heracles apart from other dragon killers famed in song and story, such as Gilgamesh, Marduk, Indra, Perseus, Beowulf and Saint George. All these would seem to have personified forces of Light and Life in a single continuing struggle against Darkness and Death. In the abstract, Heracles also did that, of course. But his earthiness and distinctiveness of personality, so typically Greek, have encouraged me to search for more concrete significance in each of Heracles' exploits. In the case of the Trojan dragon, the shedding of Heracles' hair, as

from a fever, offered one clue. His other struggles with water provided a strong context. And finally there was the fact that the classical world very often worshiped Heracles as a god of health, hygiene and sanitation. For almost two thousand years the custom continued of carving a charm against disease over one's door, which ran: "Evil, keep your distance! Heracles is inside!"

Doubtless my interpretation of the Trojan dragon story will strike some scholars as being too ingenious. The same objection might be raised to my equally specific interpretations of certain other Heracleian exploits. To which I can only reply that when confronted with so individual, far-ranging and compelling a personage as Heracles it seems to me almost an act of piety to try to distinguish him from all the rest—and to rescue his deeds from the realm of generality.

The more he brooded on Trojan ingratitude, the more did Heracles feel inclined to punish it. So he pitched camp and slept all night on the problem. At dawn he awakened with blood still in his eye. But gray-eyed Athena, daughter of the sky, seemed to be holding him back. As Heracles wrestled with himself, travelers from home appeared on the road ahead. They came urgently and then joyfully forward; Heracles was just the man they sought. A menace even greater than the Trojan dragon had all Greece in its grip, they reported. Flocks of cold misty creatures, ragged-winged, with icy, piercing talons, were rising from the marshlands round about the Strymphant Lake to shadow the whole land with death. They flew forever beyond reach of Heracles' club, and moreover they were far too many for his arrows to bring down, yet Greece was praying that the wisdom and courage of Heracles might somehow defeat the Strymphant birds.

What followed, hard upon the adventure of the Trojan dragon, was almost equally gruesome and for much the same reasons. The pestilence he had to fight this time may actually have been carried by birds of the Strymphantian Marshes, or perhaps mosquitoes or the winds and clouds alone disseminated it from those cold and stinking waters, whose streams plunge deep underground and reappears at Miloi, ancient Lema, by the sea. It is curious that Heracles was called upon to tame this hidden river twice over, first as Hydra, the

murderously flooding outlet, and now again at Stymphalia, the stagnant source.

This time his weapons were an ordinary spade, ear plugs and a pair of terribly loud brassy cymbals.

Savages in remote areas of the world still use shattering noise to drive away the "demons" of infection. Only Heracles, in his day, had the wit to take this ancient remedy out of the sickroom and carry it straight against the source of pestilence. Cymbals in hand, he circled the marshes, crashing out a skull-splitting din deliberately calculated to shatter the hearing organs of the birds. Terrified they swarmed up out of their myriad nests, shrieking, darkening the sun with their frenzied swoops and flutterings. Relentlessly Heracles kept on crashing, smashing and banging his brasses to create a steadily welling throb of sound. Thoroughly crazed, at last the birds dispersed to alien skies.

Then Heracles cast aside his cymbals and took the plugs from his ears. As the last awesome thrumming died away a skin-prickling silence descended, palpable as mist. Heracles shuddered, but he plunged into the marsh. Many hours of resolute blundering brought him to the weed-choked chasm that was its underground exit. Desperately hurrying to outpace the gathering darkness, he cut back the weeds and widened the chasm with his spade. Then he climbed a piece of high ground and built a bonfire to thaw out his ague-bitten body through the night. With thick, sucking croaks and threatening lips the swamp retreated all night long around him, sweeping in upon itself and gradually drawing underground its miles-broad flot-sam of birds' nests, water bugs, vipers and slime.

Most likely the Stymphalian Marsh was malarial. In any case, Heracles appears to have saved young Greece by draining it. Today the swamps are creeping back around the lake, but not yet the Birds of Dread.

There remains but one story of Heracles' water-taming still to tell. This last one, however, concerns the most important wrestling match in history. Appropriately, it was a struggle for love's sake alone, and Heracles' opponent no mere slaving monster but instead an immortal god, Achelous by name, oldest of all rivers and

yet ever young; turbulent, silver-green, untamable.

By preference Achelous usually inhabited a manlike form, though larger and more supple than a mortal's. From his man-brow sprouted two wide-curving horns. His beard streamed incessantly. His hands were like a concert pianist's: broad, long-fingered, clean, moist, restless, insatiable. His lean belly glistened with iridescent scales. Far beneath the river bearing his name, Achelous' crystal palace gleamed, upholstered with soft mosses and ceilinged with mother-of-pearl. Carillons of troll-fashioned stream-gold swung and sang in the foam about his bellfries.

Invisible in a green dressing gown, Achelous reclined on his underwater terrace, idly combing the minnows from his shadowy hair as he watched the earth maidens from what he called "the dry palace" innocently bathing and cavorting high above. The Princess Deianira was the loveliest of them all, when she dived like rose quartz cleaving the green sky. Her long red hair licked and floated like a slick fiery cloak as she lazily arched away up again to sunlight—all unaware of his slow toasting horns. Deianira happened to be plagued with suitors, each one of whom considered himself the most eligible bachelor in Greece. Her light-footed tact did nothing to lessen their self-esteem, yet Deianira cared not a whit for any of them. She loved her carefree maiden life: swimming, spinning, embroidering, hunting, daintily feasting, dancing, and then swimming again the next day. Meanwhile, however, the importunate suitors were eating her father out of palace and kingdom. Every man among them secretly believed that if only Deianira were forced to choose a husband the choice would fall upon himself. So they all kept saying that she must choose. The poor king yielded finally, since there was nothing else for it. He sent heralds far and wide to announce that Deianira would choose her own husband upon a certain morning not far off. In his heart the king was praying that yet one more suitor, somebody who really deserved his beautiful daughter, would appear on the appointed day.

But the day brought even greater suitors and more general excitement than the king had ever hoped to see. First Heracles appeared, hot from all-night marching, to claim the marriage prize. The fame of Heracles was now immense, and the fear of him also. The more

warmly he sealed the more his rivals' marrow froze with dread. One by one they deserted the contest, until he stood alone before Deianira and the king. In a few minutes it would be noon, the marriage moment.

Achelos meanwhile had risen to shore and dried himself as best he could. Now the god girded on his shimmering armor of pearls. Now he came sweeping grandly along past the palace and into the palace garden and presented himself at the silken pavilion where Deianira and the king were entertaining Heracles. It astonished him to see only one other suitor in the field, and that a burly, dust-streaked fellow in a lion pelt. But what surprised him far more was that Heracles stood firm, a mere man against a god. In his thunderously gurgling voice, with mock courtesy, he enquired:

"Have I the honor of addressing glorious Heracles?"

"At your service, oh divine Achelos."

"You are dull, Heracles, yet surely not quite so presumptuous as to set your strength against my immortal waters! Leave us; learn to play by yourself! Go bathe, at least!"

"Better for you, Achelos, dripping one—bull-headed, weed-haired, sneeze-sneeze, mud-foot garbage collector that you are at best—to treat more humbly with a son of Zeus! My club is quick!"

"And my fish are fresh, fellow! You call yourself a son of Zeus, yet your mother was a mortal, married to Amphitryon of Thebes. So you're either a liar or—"

Grinning, but with gritted teeth, Heracles shrugged out of his lion pelt and lightly cast his club aside. It seemed for just a moment that Achelos hesitated; some streams have second sight. But then he slipped off his pearly raiment and stood naked also; huge, silent, threatening, with lowered horns.

Deianira crouched close against her father's knee. Her fearful blue gaze thickened, now solid, now filled with fear, between the two towering contestants.

Suddenly Heracles dashed to crash his boulderlike shoulders hard against the iridescent belly of the god and bring him down, doubled over, gasping like a cataract. They rolled, locked together in choking dust. The whole bright garden shook its colors loose. Wide horns were rising, and Deianira screamed. But Heracles rose also, fast-grappled still to the god, swaying as if in time to slow music, a dance of death;

he lifted Achelos clear off the ground, squeezing until blood burst from the god's broad nostrils to stain their mingled beards. In a wink Achelos narrowed all over to cable-slimness, turned slick and



slipped hissing from Heracles' grip. A quicksilver serpent, he slithered, looped, contracted to a glittering coil, slit-eyed, fork-tongued, spitting threat of instant death. As the creature reared to strike,

Heracles sprang and caught it tight about the gullet, crushing its metallic scales and moist, cold flesh together in his eager fingers as he cried out gleefully, shaking his enemy, "I strangled snakes in my cradle,



Achelous! At Lerna I cut down a whole tree of serpents! You don't frighten me!" But the god swelled and lurched loose from Heracles' stranglehold, snorting: a huge black bull now, foam-flanked, dainty-hoofed, his round red eyes alight with more than animal malice as he charged hooking for the groin. Barely slipping that first murderous rush, Heracles closed with the bull as it turned. He reached under the neck to seize the far horn in both hands, then desperately, but still deliberately, twisted it back, minute by minute, his knuckles white on the white hoen, as the beast bellowed in agony, gradually wrenching its head back, chin to sky. At the moment of utmost strain he silently invoked his heavenly father and then flung his full weight furiously down against the disappointing horn, driving it deep into the ground and snapping it clean off.

The bellowing of Achelous abruptly changed to human groans and bitterly repentant words. Resuming the shape of a horned man—but with only one horn now—he acknowledged defeat. Thereupon Heracles magnanimously embraced him and supported his tottering frame before the throne. With trembling scepter, the king signaled both of them to keep a proper distance away from his daughter. But Deianira had lost her former fear. The river god knelt fainting before her; she drew his head into her lap. From her snowy bosom she drew a lapis lazuli vial of ointment with which to dress his wound. Unfurling the saffron-colored silk from her hair, she bound up his broken brow. Only then did she lift her own head and raise the warm dancing blue of her gaze to Heracles' ice-blue eyes. "You," she said.

Achelous proved gallant in defeat, and Heracles accordingly honored him as best man at the wedding. The river god brought along a present that seemed a

small thing at first sight, a thoughtful souvenir and nothing more: the horn broken off by Heracles. But no sooner had Deianira accepted the gift and warmed it for a moment between her two hands than it started overflowing with flowers and the sweet fruits of spring. This was to be the legendary cornucopia, inexhaustible.

Men have naturally gone on dreaming of the cornucopia. It was no dream, however, but a promise—a promise of the plenty that tamed rivers can and will provide. The mightiest and most lastingly momentous labor that Heracles ever undertook, surely, was to seize this horn of fruitfulness for the uses of mankind. There can be no abiding mystery about the cornucopia, once it is considered in the context of Heracles' other water-taming exploits. It stands for irrigation: it represents the channel broken off from the main stream of a river to insure rich harvests even in dry summer weather.

Drought and famine fall before this fabulous horn, the wedding gift of Ixion, thrice defeated Achelous, and Heracles' noblest trophy.

The cornucopia of irrigation was also Heracles' particular legacy to modern man. We are following his lead to make the world more fruitful than ever before. And this is the point at which my story of the greatest athlete began, but not quite where it ends. For he gave us one thing more:

Heracles brought to all the ages and all the world an idea that has worked and will work a slow, deep, seemingly miraculous change in the very nature of humanity itself—the determination to be heroically of use. This really won immortality for Heracles; he was the first to earn renown for service. The name of Heracles ("heza" = service, "kleos" = renown) lives because he lived up to it.





I hate Qantas.

I am an Australian. A very sensitive Australian. What I like is peace. And quiet. And ferny places and secret trees. Which is mostly what I've gotten up to now.

But not any more. Now I get coos. And goochy-pooos. And cameras that click, right in my face. (And that name they call me: *teddy bear*.)

And why? All because of Qantas. All because they fly those jets. Six of them. Every single week. From some place called America.

So go ahead. Like Qantas, if you will. Fly Qantas, if you must. But, speaking for koalas, I find they're making life most difficult to bear. For bears.

SIX QANTAS V-JETS A WEEK TO SYDNEY from San Francisco; connecting jets from New York. And you can stop in Waikiki, Fiji for a year! Hear down on any travel agent or Qantas in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, Vancouver, Honolulu. (Also BOAC, general agent, in major cities.)

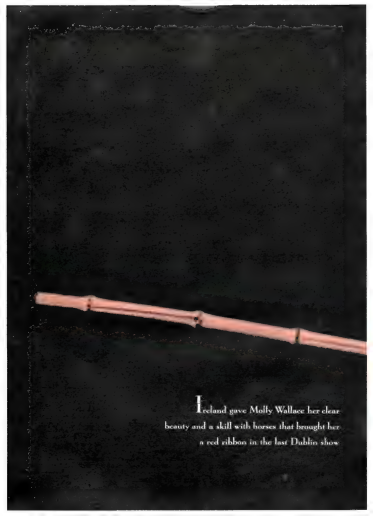
QANTAS V-JETS

fastest jets in international service

THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST SPORTSWOMEN

The girl smiling from this week's cover is Francine Bréand, who won her first skiing title in France 10 years ago. Kikuko Inoue, delicately poised at right, took a first in the Japan Equestrian Championships this fall. Like the six shown on the following pages, they are presented as expressive examples of the many lovely women throughout the world who bring grace and beauty as well as skill to the rugged world of sport.





Ireland gave Molly Wallace her clear
beauty and a skill with horses that brought her
a red ribbon in the last Dublin show





Spain's gently glowing Gloria Barcenas is a top golfer in a man's country where women only lately are sharing the links

Shooting is the hobby of France's sophisticated Jacqueline de Fels, a countess as much at ease with a gun as in a salon





A longtime European champion who has more trophies than she can count, Italy's waterskiing Princess Doris Pignatelli smolders with dark intensity.

Coal-petitioner of form and feature mark California's blond, Lori Miller, an American skier acknowledged for skill and beauty on Alps and Rockies alike.





A slim, soignée version of an American freckle-faced
kid is Patsy Pulitzer Preston, a fisherman
whose biggest catch was a 1,250-pound black marlin



Don't say "scat" to this one...



unless you mean it! We don't suggest you sandpaper the sole of your right foot or anything like that. But if you're going to drive a Ford Galaxie with a Thunderbird 415 special high performance V-8 under the hood, don't go clomping around the cockpit in logger's boots. There are 415 big horses at the other end of that slim throttle; crack the whip and you get the original Oklahoma Land Rush! This is the farthest-out V-8 by the world's greatest V-8 specialists—with six barrel carburetion, cast aluminum intake manifold, side inlets and header exhausts, 448 foot-pounds of torque are on tap and 5,800 r.p.m. is easy. Funny thing is, on the street this fire-breather is docile as a lamb—reasonable r.p.m., no raucous noises, easy starting. The price is gentle, too, for an extra-cost option... particularly when you consider that the package also includes heavy-duty shocks, springs and nylon tires to fit the handling to the potential. It comes only with overdrive or four-speed manual transmission... and obviously is not intended for the let's-go-for-a-nice-sail-in-my-land-yacht set. Definitely not.



FORD V-8



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The Most Trusted Name in Television

GOREN'S YEAR-END QUIZ

At some point, hands that can lead to be little to choose between one bid or another, and I grant your right to an opinion that does not precisely coincide with the majority of scores I am about to propose. Nevertheless, the actual score and advice on this quiz will have considerably significance. The sets of good-looking 10-20-win points and their questions set up the same target. You will earn points for an outstanding answer to each of the 18 problems. No matter what your bid is, no points are deducted from your score. Don't let this fool you. Choosing less than the best bid causes the same terrible losses that you suffer at the table by reaching less than the best contract. Score 90 and you'll be my favorite partner. With 80 you'll be a winning player. With 70 you'll still have no severe loss on the year's plan. But if you score 60 or less, the points you've lost on this quiz will be hugely multiplied at the table.

CONTINUED



1 As South was hand dealt, match it:



What is the opposite deal?

2 As South was dealt:



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
10	PASS	INT	PASS
30	PASS	7	

What is the next move?

3 As South was dealt:



EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
PASS	PASS	PASS	7
PASS	2NT	PASS	30
PASS	7		

What is the next move?

7 As South was dealt:



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
19	20	7	

What is the next move?

8 As South was dealt:



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
20	2NT	PASS	7

What is the next move?

9 North-South is vulnerable and is South's card:



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
20	PASS	PASS	7

What is the next move?

13 As South was dealt:



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
PASS	19	20	PASS
PASS	2BL	PASS	7

What is the next move?

14 Both sides are vulnerable and is all pass was called:



EAST	NORTH	WEST	SOUTH
19	7		

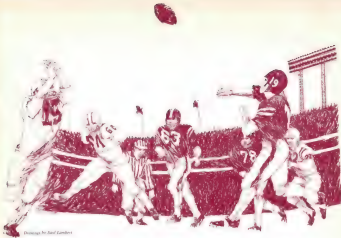
What is the next move?

15 As South was dealt:



NORTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
10	PASS	20	PASS
20	PASS	20	PASS
7			

What is the next move?



Drawings by David Lambert

CRAM COURSE FOR BOWL WATCHERS

by WALTER BINGHAM

It is midday, but the shades are drawn and the room is in darkness, except for the eerie blue light of a television set. Gradually, as our eyes adjust to the gloom, we see the figure of a man slumped in an easy chair. He is unshaven and wearing a bathrobe. An ice pack is clapped to his head, and he is staring transfixed at the set. Five hours will pass, but the figure will not move. This is New Year's Day, and across the land, the American male is watching the bowl games.

Watching bowl games on television has become a New Year's Day custom, like making resolutions. The entertainment, as in past years, will begin with the Orange Bowl (LSU-Coronado) in Miami (ABC, 1 p.m. E.S.T.), move on to the Sugar Bowl (Alabama-Arkansas) in New Orleans (NBC, 2 p.m. E.S.T.), the Cotton Bowl (Texas-Mississippi) in Dallas (CBS, 2:30 p.m. E.S.T.) and then the Rose Bowl (Minnesota-UCLA) in Pasadena (NBC, 5 p.m. E.S.T.). An adroit channel switcher can pick up most of the excitement from all four games and, hallelujah, avoid the bulk of commercials. As a

time-up, the viewer can watch the Gator Bowl (Penn State-Georgia Tech) two days earlier (CBS, 2:15 p.m. E.S.T.).

It is possible that there will be some people watching the game who know nothing about football but who by some mischance find themselves sitting in front of the television set with friends. For these people a short cram course is perhaps in order. Attention: Arkansas uses the monster defense (similar to the old Georgia Tech square), and Texas has a flip-flop offense. UCLA sometimes switches from the single wing to the W formation, Colorado uses a 4-3 defense and throws a lot of action passes. And Alabama has had great success with the whoopee pass (another name for the Utah pass).

It really isn't important to know what these different formations and plays are. What is important is to catch the name of one of the seams on the field and be able to say, "Oh, Arkansas. They use the monster defense." The others will stare with a mixture of bewilderment and admiration. Even that character sitting in the darkened room will be impressed.

TEXAS is not a passing team, but against Mississippi it may become one, especially if the field is muddy. Coach Darrell Royal thinks that a sloppy field helps a passing attack because receivers know where they are going and aren't as likely as the defenders to slip. Quarterback Mike Coenen has improved tremendously this season and is most effective on roll-outs. Do not be surprised if Halfback Jimmy Saxon (who is *scoring a touchdown in driving at right*) throws a pass too. He threw only one all season, but it went for a touchdown. Saxon is a magnificent runner, going up the middle on scaps or off tackle behind good blocking, but Texas has other fine backs—Jack Collins, Jerry Cook and Ray Poage—who help each other with effective blocking. This season Coach Royal installed what he calls a "flip-flop" offense.

The strong side end, tackle and guard work as a unit with the wingback, switching from the left side of the line to the right, depending on the play. That way the linemen need learn only one set of assignments. On defense, Texas has Pat Culppepper. Although he weighs only 180, he is an excellent linebacker. To Mississippi he may seem like 280.

TEXAS

25 CALIFORNIA	2
43 TEXAS TECH	14
41 WASH. STATE	5
39 OKLAHOMA	7
40 ARKANSAS	7
34 N.C.	7
37 SMU	0
40 BAYLOR	7
6 TEXAS A&M	0
34 TEXAS A&M	0

MISSISSIPPI brings an impressive set of statistics to the Cotton Bowl. The Rebels are third in the nation in yards gained passing, seventh in rushing, fourth in scoring and third in defense. Mississippi uses a quarterback-fullback offense—all types of passes, plus quarterback roll-outs and fullback drives up the middle. Sadly, Mississippi's best fullback, Billy Ray Adams, was injured in an automobile accident shortly after the end of the season and will not be able to play. His place will be filled by one of the sophomores who saw little action this season. This means that Texas will be able to concentrate on stopping Mississippi's passing attack, but that should be enough to keep it busy. Ole Miss has three outstanding quarterbacks—Doug Elmore (getting off pair on opposite page), Glynn Griffing and Percy Lee Dunn—all of whom can throw and run well. The offense has one major defect—the Rebels fumble frequently. The defense is fast, alert and aggressive, with good depth. The team's punting, however, is only ordinary. Mississippi will probably open the game up early, but without Adams its ground game will be negligible, which tips the scale to **TEXAS**.

MISSISSIPPI

38 ARKANSAS	0
30 KENTUCKY	0
30 FLORIDA STATE	0
47 HOUSTON	7
41 TOLEDO	0
47 KANSAS CITY	0
7 LSU	10
34 CANTONMENT	0
34 TENNESSEE	10
31 MISS. STATE	0

COTTON BOWL

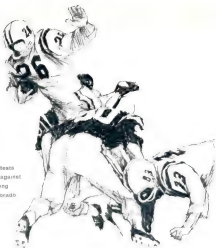
In Dallas, third-ranked Texas, with its elusive backs, meets fourth-ranked Mississippi, a strong passing team, in what should be the best game of New Year's Day.



CONTINUED

ORANGE BOWL

LSU, conqueror of Mississippi, tests its methodical attack in Miami against the balanced running and passing of the Big Eight champion, Colorado



LSU uses three teams—the starting White team, the offensive Go team and the defensive Chinese Bandits. Coach Paul Dietzel tries to divide the playing time evenly, so LSU's depth could be a factor if the day is hot. The Chinese Bandits are especially strong this year. Two of their backs, Dwight Robinson and Tommy Neck, tied for the conference leadership in pass interceptions—which means trouble for Colorado's passing. LSU's offense is conservative, with fads and fancy stuff kept to a minimum. Using what amounts to a slot T, the team relies on counterplays and traps designed to slip its fast backs—Wendell Harris (making his, above) and Jerry Stovall—inside the tackles. Although running is stressed, the team has been successful on sprint-out passes, where Quarterbacks Jarrett Field and Lynn Armistead follow the man in motion as if to sweep end, pass to him as he cuts downfield. When LSU reaches the goal line, look for a trick play. The fullback may hurdle over the line, without the ball, as the quarterback thirds end or flips a quick pass. LSU strategy will be to play a cautious game, wait for Colorado to make a mistake and then move in.

LSU

1 WICK	18
18 TEXAS A&M	7
19 GEORGIA TECH	8
40 USC	6
16 ARIZONA	14
22 FLORIDA	0
15 MISSISSIPPI	7
48 NORTH CAROLINA	0
14 MISS STATE	8
42 TOLEDO	9

COLORADO has a balanced team. Its passing attack, with Quarterback Gale Weidner throwing primarily to find Jerry Hildebrand, can break open a game. Against Kansas, behind 19-0 in the fourth quarter, Colorado scored three times to win, all on long passes. Weidner is especially effective on the roll-out, which Coach Jerry Grundler calls "the action pass." Colorado has a good running attack too, which makes the team difficult to defend against. The team uses the standard sweeps, counters and traps, with Halfbacks Teddy Woods and Buffalo Bill Harris doing most of the carrying. Colorado's line is led by All-America Joe Rorrig, who plays middle linebacker on defense. Generally the team uses a four-man line and three linebackers—the 4-3 defense—with four safety men. Should Colorado score first, it will probably stick to running, and if it should go ahead by more, it will turn ultraconservative, even kicking on third down. But if LSU takes the lead, Weidner will throw a lot. This will be a chessman's game, cautious, strategic and perhaps dull. There shouldn't be much scoring, three touchdowns at most. **LSU should win.**

COLORADO

34 OKLAHOMA STATE	8
10 KANSAS	19
0 MISSOURI	7
12 KANSAS STATE	0
10 OKLAHOMA	14
7 MISSOURI	8
13 UTAH	11
1 MISSOURI	8
24 IOWA STATE	0
28 AIR FORCE	11

The nation's top team, Alabama, unbeaten, untied and, in its last five games, unscored on, faces twice-beaten Arkansas in New Orleans.

SUGAR BOWL

ALABAMA is the best team in the country largely because of its tough defense. The team allowed only 22 points in 10 games, the last five of which were shut-outs. Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant, like Murray Warmath of Minnesota, stresses position football. Faced with fourth down and a yard to go on the Arkansas 40-yard line, Alabama is almost certain to punt, confident of containing Arkansas and taking over again inside midfield. The Alabama defense is smart and quick. It generally lines up in an eight-man front with three men back, although linebackers Darwin Holt and Lee Roy Jordan, two good ones, will often move back at the last moment. Alabama is especially rough on running attacks, having given up an average of only 45 yards a game. Coach Bryant's offense is very basic. Fullback

Mike Fracchia hammers at the line, and Quarterback Pat Trammell (shown at left) often fakes to Fracchia and keeps. Alabama's favorite pass is the whooper: a halfback glides through the line, and Trammell sort of underhands the ball to him. When Billy Richardson is at fullback, he is prepared for a quick kick. At Alabama, that's considered an offensive move.

ARKANSAS Coach Frank Broyles has what he calls a "battle plan" for Alabama, but if he has his way no one will find out about it until New Year's Day. Chances are it will involve passing and more passing, for if Alabama is to be beaten, it must be through the air. Quarterback George McKinley will be trying to hit End Jimmy Collier and Halfback Lance Alworth with his passes, especially Alworth, who can do a pretty dance if he's given the ball and a little room. Arkansas uses the wing T almost exclusively, but occasionally flanks Alworth on pass plays to take advantage of his speed. When not flanked, Alworth sweeps off tackle a lot, as does Halfback Paul Dudley. The quarterback sprint-out with the option to pass or lateral has been the most consistent gainer this season, but against Alabama's line, the play may not go. Coach Broyles teaches the monster defense, which means that a roving linebacker prowls back and forth, picking his spots. Both Arkansas and Alabama will kick a lot, waiting for the other to make a mistake. If Arkansas can score first, the game will be interesting. If not, by three touchdowns, **Alabama**.

ALABAMA	
22 GEORGIA	0
9 TENNESSEE	0
26 VANDERBILT	6
26 N.C. STATE	7
24 TENNESSEE	3
17 ARIZONA	0
14 MISS. STATE	0
10 RICHMOND	0
10 GEORGIA TECH	0
34 AGRARI	0

ARKANSAS	
0 MISSISSIPPI	11
3 TENNESSEE	0
26 TEXAS CHRISTIAN	6
22 BAYLOR	16
7 TEXAS	30
10 N.W. LOUISIANA	7
15 TEXAS A&M	6
16 RICE	0
21 SMU	7
26 TEXAS TECH	0



CONTINUED

ROSE BOWL



UCLA is one of the last strongholds of the single wing, a system that depends heavily on the tailback. The Bruins have two pretty good ones, Bobby Smith (who is skirting end, above), and sophomore Mike Haffner, both of whom run well but pass poorly. (Washington beat UCLA when it set its defense strictly to stop runs.) The team's big plays are single-wing maneuvers: the off tackle to either side; the fullback up the middle (as the tailback straightens up and fakes a pass); and the pass-run option on the end sweep—the play great tailbacks use so effectively. On these swarms, UCLA puts a wall of blockers in front of the runner. Its kicking game is good, with Keith Jensen in the punter. If Jensen (No. 15) enters the game when UCLA is pinned in its own territory, second down and long yardage to go, watch for a quick kick, a single-wing specialty. UCLA has a heavy but short line that makes it vulnerable to a passing attack. The Bruins held Ohio State's powerful Bob Ferguson in check but lost to a flurry of passes and attack runs. This is a tough team, and it will be anxious to defend the sagging reputation of West Coast football. It just might,

UCLA		
19	AIR FORCE	6
5	ARIZONA	10
4	OHIO STATE	14
18	VANDERBILT	21
16	PITTSBURGH	8
15	STANFORD	8
23	CALIFORNIA	19
10	TEXAS-CHRISTIAN	7
11	WASHINGTON	11
12	WIS	7

Minnesota attempts to make up for last year's Rose Bowl loss when it faces the singlerwing running attack of UCLA in Pasadena

MINNESOTA, as coached by Murray Warmath, plays "possession and position" football. It will always give the other team the football in preference to field position. Warmath figures a team is on defense if it has the ball inside its own 30-yard line. He frequently instructs Minnesota to kick on third down, and on three occasions this fall had the team punt on first down to take advantage of a favoring wind seconds before a quarter ended. Warmath's basic strategy is to win by eliminating his team's mistakes while capitalizing on those of the opponent. He is proud of Minnesota's record of only five fumbles lost all season. As might be expected, Minnesota is strong on defense, although it has proved vulnerable to the pass. However, against UCLA this shouldn't matter much. Minnesota is death on running games, having held six of its opponents to 72 yards or less. The usual defensive lineup is a 5-3-3-1, with the linebackers doing a lot of starting. Heart of the offense is Quarterback Sandy Stephens who likes to roll out and run, pass or pitch out to Halfback Bill Munsey. It isn't a big offense, but helped by the defense. **Minnesota will win.**

MINNESOTA		
9	WISCONSIN	6
14	OREGON	7
16	NORTHWESTERN	8
22	ALABAMA	6
15	NEBRASKA	20
17	NEW STATE	9
18	IDAHO	9
19	PURDUE	7
21	WISCONSIN	22

PENN STATE has a high-powered offense, the sixth-best in the country this season. From a wing T and straight T, it mixes off tackle runs, roll-outs and belly plays with fancy stuff. Its most spectacular plays are a deep draw run from a fake roll-out, on which Halfback Roger Kochman carries on a slant toward the opposite side of the field, and a long pass to a halfback cutting down the sidelines. Penn State's pun patterns, with Quarterback Ken Hall throwing, have a midfront short to long to straight over the middle. The defense, unfortunately, is erratic. It is apt to give up long yardage on big plays, but led by End Bob Minter (average *inflation*, below), it is tough on goal-line stands. The worst problem seems to be an inability to adapt to certain plays. Against Miami, it was a draw play, against Army, a quarterback option-keep-lateral. Maryland gained consistently on, of all things, the quarterback sneak. Penn State lost all three games. Against conservative Georgia Tech, Penn State will probably go all out with deep passes and outside runs from the beginning, hoping to score and make Tech abandon its ball-control technique. In any case, State will make things lively.

PENN STATE

20	NAVY	10
8	MIAMI (FLA.)	30
30	BOSTON U.	0
8	ARMY	10
15	SPRINGFIELD	0
10	CALIFORNIA	10
17	MARYLAND	21
30	WEST VIRGINIA	0
35	DAILY CROSS	14
47	PITTSBURGH	34

GEORGIA TECH has a tough defense. Not once this season did it give up more than one touchdown a game, and its opponents included Alabama, LSU, Rice and Tennessee. The line is big and reacts well. Coach Bobby Dodd uses a pro-type reversing secondary that has worked effectively. Occasionally, but only occasionally, the rotation system falls apart and leaves a receiver spectacularly open, but the secondary is very quick to recover after such mistakes. The Tech offense is fairly versatile, especially when the line is able to push its opposition around. When this is the case, little Stan Ginn does most of the quarterbacking. Ginn runs the option well, swinging wide, cutting sharply inside a defender and then out again behind blocking. Ginn throws short and medium passes well, mostly to End Billy Martin, but he has a tendency to throw interceptions when rushed. If the Tech line is getting muddled, sophomore Billy Lothridge will throw long passes and send his halfbacks wide. Tech often punts on third down, but Lothridge will sometimes fake and throw. This should be an interesting game, with **Tech stopping State.**

GEORGIA TECH

11	WISC.	7
14	WASH.	0
0	LSU	10
11	MIAMI	0
7	ARMY	0
15	TULANE	0
10	FLORIDA	0
0	TENNESSEE	10
0	ALABAMA	10
11	GEORGIA	7

Penn State matches its flesh and daring against the conservative tactics of Georgia Tech in Jacksonville on December 30

GATOR BOWL



Granted that Mary Immaculate Peabody Tree is an authentic Great Beauty, and that anyone who marries such a woman accepts the risk of becoming a consort. Granted that it was news when President Kennedy last February made the rich, fashionable, ensconced, delicately scented and tinted Mrs. Tree the U.S. delegate to the U.N. Human Rights Commission. Still, it doesn't seem right or sporting that in all the words written about her hardly anyone has had more than a cursory line or so for her husband. On the day of her appointment *The New York Times*, quoting *All the News That's Fit to Print*, noted only that, "Mrs. Tree is married to Ronald Tree, a real estate broker." The implications of such brevity are not flattering. Surely, one would suppose, there must be more that can be said about Ronald Tree.

There is. The news about Ronald Tree is that while sharing his wife's interest in human rights (he is enthusiastic about them), in his own thinking he goes far beyond the conception that people should merely have rights. He believes they should have privileges. His real estate activities—if they can be called by such a debased term—are calculated to bring to human privilege a dimension that goes beyond mere luxury, mere physical and emotional pampering, and soars into the realm of higher aesthetic and spiritual experience.

Furthermore, Ronald Tree has been interested in human privileges longer than his wife has been in human rights. For one thing he is considerably older and was born in a milieu where even the servants had servants. Also, since early 1958 (three years before his wife became famous) he has devoted himself to giving his ideals a concrete existence. The product, now complete, is a place known as Sandy Lane. Nothing would please Ronald Tree more than for properly certified humans to come and enjoy the scene that he has laid out for them there on a distant edge of the Caribbean island of Barbados.

At first sight, Sandy Lane has certain resemblances to a hotel. It has a lobby and a reception desk, 54 air-conditioned

TORY PRINCE OF A BALMY ISLE

by ROBERT COUGHLIN

In the U.S., Ronald Tree is widely known as the husband of Marlene, the first U.N. delegate. But at Sandy Lane on Barbados he displays the elegant, sporting English way of life.



rooms, a large dining room, a cocktail lounge, beauty shop and fashion boutique. The libation is served further by the fact that the large staff is presided over by T. N. Behard, the famous "Nicky" who, before coming to Sandy Lane, was host at Claridge's in London and personified that great hospitality to the public.

In other ways Sandy Lane looks a good deal like a resort. It lies on the sheltered west coast—the "Platinum Coast"—of Barbados, and its main building fronts on a mile-long crescent of beach and blue water. If emerging from their rooms, the residents need walk only a few yards through a bowser of tall trees and tropical flowers to find a choice of almost every kind of aquatic sport: water skiing, sailing, fishing, charterboat cruising and skin-diving on brilliant nearby reefs. In another direction lie tennis courts and a testing nine-hole golf course built on three levels like a Babylonian garden. There is an open-air cafe with orchestra and dancing on gala nights. There is a game room with billiards and ping-pong, a card room, a writing room and a lounge; an indoor drinking area that seems to be built into a sunken sea grotto; and an outdoor drinking area with a view of the stars and the sea. Many things, including the evening elegance of the women—all looking fresh from the hairdresser and wearing \$150 cottons—suggest that Sandy Lane must be a tropical

Barriër, an impression fortified when the bills are presented.

Its physical appointments notwithstanding, Sandy Lane is a resort hotel only in the sense that, say, *Lesbosgris* is a musical. Like the latter it is, in fact, the romantic re-creation of a legend—in its case, a legendary way of life. This was the life of the English gentry in the palmey days of Empire, when half the globe had been gathered under the Crown and the British upper classes had established—or thought they had—their natural right to live in stately country houses and enjoy the best the world could offer: china from China, port from Portugal and, if it suited the occasion, sandwiches from the Sandwich Islands. What Sandy Lane really is, in short, is an 18th century country house in the grand manner but with plumbing. Tree's triumph is that, in a high-tax era when almost the only people left in the English-speaking world rich enough to maintain a proper English country house are Greeks, he has managed to get together a large amount of capital to construct Sandy Lane while risking practically none on his own venture; scampaged, scampered, to have it built and furnished exactly to his own refined tastes; and greatest of all, has made it the scene of a perpetual house party at which the guests instead of the host pay the bills.

Once this interpretation of the nature of Sandy Lane is accepted, everything else becomes clear, including the aim

Rumsey's wife Margaret has been called "the prettiest girl in the Democratic Party."



of social uplift that has motivated Ronald Tree. For the English country house was not only a sanctuary of rank and privilege but a political and cultural institution of importance in England, the Empire and, by extension, in the world at large. Beautiful old Knole, family seat of the Sackville-Wests, magnificent Blenheim Palace, seat of the Dukes of Marlborough (the Churchills)—to them and their counterparts came cabinet members, generals, diplomats, peers of the realm, writers, painters and poets, the intellectual and social elite, for long "weekends" that sometimes went on for weeks. They strolled in the gardens, hunted in the deer parks, dined with their ladies, ate the best foods, drank the best wines, had the best conversations—in which they made and unmade governments, imperial policies and social canons—all in settings designed by the greatest architects to give spacious expression to the spirit of the age. The main era of construction of the country houses was the 18th and early 19th centuries, coincident with England's rise to world dominion, and architects turned for inspiration to earlier eras of greatness: classical Greece, imperial Rome and especially to the Venice of the 16th century, when Palladio was designing lovely villas for the aristocracy of the rich, seagoing city-state. A weekend in one of these neo-Palladian English manions represented the apex of good living—of privilege elevated to the realm of art.

For years this was Ronald Tree's life in England, where as a Member of Parliament and stepson of Admiral Lord Beatty he had social entrée everywhere and money enough to live and entertain on a dual scale. Then, in middle life, he was figuratively cast away on a tropical isle by the winds of political change. Crusade-like he has re-created the nearest thing possible to homelike surroundings by building Sandy Lane. It is a jewel of Palladian architecture: its guest list glimmers with the names of the noble, talented and rich.

However, it is at this point—the matter of guests—that Tree's feeling about human rights intersects his feeling about privilege. He is vigorously opposed to anti-Semitism, for instance (some of his best friends are Rothschilds), and to any discrimination based on race, religion or social antecedents. There are grounds for inelegitancy at Sandy Lane, such as being a loud-mouthed slob, and requests for reservations are examined by Becky Beard with the same judicious eye that barred the unworthy from Claridge's. But the broad principle is that anyone with a reasonably clean police record and the price of lodging is welcome—that, potentially at least, every person has the right to enjoy the privileges of Sandy Lane, and if he measures up to his opportunities nobody will be more pleased than Ronald Tree.

But if Tree needs only a minimum of information about his guests, the guests will benefit from knowing a good deal more about him. Among the indispensables for a properly equipped country house guest has always been a working knowledge of the host: the ability to remember his name and recognize him on sight, sufficient awareness of his career and interests to be familiar with the proper subjects, and also a line on his family background, so that one can acquire

prestige among fellow guests by indicating that this is an old and intimate friendship and thus one knows where all the bodies are buried.

Accordingly, having cleared up the matter of what Sandy Lane is, it is necessary to deal with the question: Who exactly is Ronald Tree?

The following data are presented in wallet-size form for clipping and easy reference:

Full name: Arthur Ronald Lambert Field Tree. Age: 64. Height: 5 feet 11½ inches. Weight: 175 pounds.

Appearance: Well-formed, regular features, faintly ruddy complexion, neatly brushed sandy-gray hair, tendency toward portliness but physically active, quick of movement. Habitually courteous, amiable eyes distinctly twinkled. Is gregarious, considers himself an introvert but feels downcast, uneasy without people around him—actually is a natural host. Makes friends easily; friends quickly fall into calling him "Ron" or "Ronnie"; women have tendency to think of him as "dear Ronnie."

Financial condition: Assets, including those held in trust, estimated at more than \$8 million.

Intellectual characteristics and interests: Well-stocked mind. Likes lively conversation, keeps it moving, has command of a surprising range of topics. Has usual upper-class British sense of public duty; participates in good causes—e.g., interested in Planned Parenthood, heads the trust to preserve Barbados' historic and natural assets. Has passion for architecture; for beautiful and noble structures, their grounds and gardens, interior design and decoration.

Other distinguishing marks: Old-school-like accent and idiom. Guest must be prepared to field such kipped expressions as "rather a good wicket" (meaning a very good situation or arrangement, opposite of "rather a sticky wicket"). Fond of budgerigars and has enormous, fancy birdcages full of them. Widely acquainted, e.g., knows Anthony Eden well enough to call him Tony. Is related to an astonishing number of upper-register people. Typical far-fetched example: As father of Michael Tree (through an earlier marriage) he is father-in-law of former Lady Anne Cavendish, sister of the present Duke of Devonshire and niece of Lady Dorothy, the wife of Prime Minister Macmillan. However, dislikes snobishness and pretentiousness; likes people to like him for himself. One friend's summary: "Ronnie is very old-shoe. But of course the shoe was hand-stitched and cost \$50 a pair."

With this compendium of facts about his host, a guest can feel at ease at Sandy Lane. But to understand fully how and why Sandy Lane came to be it is necessary to travel into Ronald Tree's past. Starting properly at the very beginning, among his antecedents, there are complexities; indeed, right here in the start one confronts a somewhat sticky wicket. Although today he is obviously English, Ronald Tree also is, in his origins, American. His parents were from Chicago. His paternal grandfather, Judge Lambert Tree, was a Democratic political figure there, a good

...continued

judge of the law and also—happily for his descendants—an equally good judge of real estate values. Tape's maternal grandfather was the original Marshall Field, founder of the great department store and progenitor of a multifarious dynasty.

As to how Ronald Tree happened to become English, the story is both romantic and tragic. It began in 1888 with a situation that might have come from a novel by Henry James but that is told in the biography of a latter-day hero of the Royal Navy, David Beatty, Admiral of the Fleet.

In 1888 David Beatty was 27 years old, handsome, brilliant and already a hero, promoted to commander over Whiterose lieutenant and awarded the D.S.O. for audacious leadership in the campaign against the Derivishes. He was a favorite of country house society; and one day, in the hunting field, he was introduced to a young and beautiful (it is said) flirtatious American visitor, Ethel Tree—Mrs. Arthur Tree.

Ethel Tree, now told over daughters of the great merchant, had married Arthur Tree, son of the prominent judge, only two years before. With the attraction that many rich Americans of the times felt for things English, they had leased a country house in England. Thus their child Ronald was born in England—an infant at the time his mother met Commander Beatty.

The young officer and the beautiful young heiress apparently fell in love almost at first sight. On both sides there were compelling reasons against their marriage. To take part in a triangle, to marry a divorcee in that still-Victorian era, could have meant the ruin of Beatty's career. For Ethel the alliance would mean gossip, unpleasantness and most probably the loss of her infant son. Nevertheless, the following year she separated from her husband, and in 1901 Arthur Tree divorced her on the grounds of desertion and was awarded custody of their son. Ten days later she and Beatty were married. Both the divorce and marriage were performed with maximum privacy, and the damage to Beatty's career proved minor. His great talent continued to carry him up the ladder of command to the highest rank—*vicecommander* of the Grand Fleet in World War I, he directed the sea victories at Heligoland, Dogger Bank and Jutland. After the war he was advanced to Admiral of the Fleet and made an Earl of the Realm.

But Beatty signified more than woman he desired ("I was, hour spent away from you is an absolutely wasted one") and proved increasingly successful, spoiled and demanding. In time she came to assume that his role was to be in constant attendance on her. On a luxurious yacht, she followed the fleet when he was at sea on one occasion suggesting for the publicity that the movements of the Battle Cruiser Squadron be arranged in a way more convenient for her. His triumphs and consequent heavy duties inspired suspicions, complaints



In 1899 young Commander David Beatty already had two an D.S.O.

of neglect, a mounting sense of grievance. Neat as he was and restless, she brought horses suddenly only to sell them, moved from one city and came to another on their Continent came home to a social round that left her more nervous than ever and her husband exhausted. These years his biographers say, were "the most trying battle of his career."

It was apparent that Ethel was emotionally unstable, although not clinically unstable. In 1902, on the verge of 38, the beauty gone and her face marked with despair, she sunk into "acute melancholia" and soon afterward died of a cerebral thrombosis. Four years later Admiral Beatty—who, as a young commander, had written to her: "Unfortunately I shall go on loving you to the bitter end"—died and was buried at her side.

Ronald, having been put in his father's custody at the age of 3, grew up in circumstances of some emotional ambiguity. To what degree was he English and to what degree American? He and his American father, Arthur Tree, lived in a country house called Ashdown in Warwickshire, where Arthur sometimes sported to a hagio, whence just Ronald sometimes went for visits with his fascinating but elusive mother. Not until he went away to public school, famous old Winchester,

did he encounter the kind of life in which everything could be counted on to stay put. Here was order, tradition, duty; here also were lovely buildings so graceful, mellow and durable that they seemed organic with the earth. At the school he developed a sense of belonging that perhaps in a more normal boyhood would have been associated with home and family. It was there that he discovered the deep satisfaction that architectural beauty could arouse in him and which he has pursued the rest of his life.

At the age of 16 he suddenly acquired the means to gratify almost any taste he might develop. In 1910 Judge Lambert Tree had died, leaving a multimillion-dollar fortune in trust for his son Arthur and Arthur's descendants. In 1914 Arthur died and the trust passed to Ronald. However, that year also brought the beginning of World War I. When the U.S. entered the war in 1917, Ronald joined the U.S. Naval Air Arm. Newly re-Americanized in the process, he lingered in the U.S. for a while during the 1920s and married an American girl, Nancy Perkins Field, the young widow of one of his Field relatives.

Despite these reconnections with his American heritage, in the end the stronger English influences of his life prevailed. The Trees settled in England, where Ronald entered the life for which his wealth and education had suited him: a career in politics as a member of the Conservative Party. In 1933 he was elected to Parliament. And the same year he bought a splendid country house, Ditchley Park, a mansion of 24 bedrooms, 38 bathrooms and seven reception rooms, with numerous outbuildings and 30 tennis farm cottages, and with gardens, lawns, glades, woods and fields covering 3,300 acres of Oxfordshire. Built in the early 18th century by the great architect James Gibbs, Palladio's foremost English interpreter and adaptor, Ditchley is a Palladian masterpiece.

Everything about Ditchley suited Tree: aesthetically it was "heaven—absolute perfection." It was perfect, too, for weekends that soon became famous for their high quotient of talent, titles, brains and beauty—a most proper setting for a rising M.P. in the Tory hierarchy. When World War II came and Prime Minister Churchill needed a country headquarters (German bombers had already made near hits at Chequers, the official residence), it was natural that Tree should offer Ditchley—and natural that Churchill would accept, since his family ties were next door, so to speak, at Blenheim Palace, where a first cousin was the incumbent duke. Ditchley was big enough to accommodate not only the Prime Minister, his aides and secretaries and a bodyguard of troops, but the Tree and a reduced but hardy band of house guests. No Supreme Command post has ever been more charming. Major-General Sir John Kennedy, Director of Military Operations at that time, has described the scene in his memoirs:

"When I arrived at that most beautiful of houses, I found Mrs. Tree, Lady Diana Cooper, Miss Mary Churchill and Mr. Bruce, an American, all having tea together in the drawing room.

"We were to dine at 8.30, and when we had assembled, the

Prime Minister appeared, looking cheerful and fresh . . . we went into dinner. Lady Diana Cooper sat on the Prime Minister's right, and I next to her.

"Mr. Churchill was in good spirits, and his conversation was scintillating. When the ladies had gone, he began to sing, waving his cigar in time to the tune:

"I went in to pay the bill

But, instead, I took the bill.

My wife and kids were starving."

"When the brandy came round I refused it. Churchill turned to me and said, 'Mr. you are one of those abstemious fellows, are you? Well, I can only tell you that I have always found liquor of the greatest assistance to me—all my life.'

"The Duke of Marlborough joined us after dinner with some other men who were staying at Blenheim and at other houses in the neighborhood. When we went to join the ladies Churchill insisted on the Duke preceding him as we walked out, saying, 'The head of the family must go before the Prime Minister.'

"I had not been to a party on such a splendid scale for a long time. It was delightful, and the war seemed very remote."

In the logical course of events—that is, if the British electorate had assessed the Churchill government's standing in the postwar election—Ronald Tree surely would have risen in politics, and Nancy Tree would not exist. In the early war years, Tree had served his government as a specialist in American affairs for the Ministry of Information, making good use of his American contacts and his low-voltage but effective charm. When the war ended he was Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, a job that promised vast opportunities for him to rearrange the English landscape more attractively. However, he went down in the general Conservative debacle, losing his parliamentary seat by a breathtaking 204 votes. Suddenly he had been cut adrift: a hapless Tory millionaire in an angry Laborite sea. Looking back on that shocking severance, he remembers: "I felt my life shattered. I was frightfully depressed, and all that."

It was while in this state of mind that he first encountered the island of Barbados. Business and personal affairs required him to visit the U.S. The flying boat route went by way of Trinidad, where, as fortune had it, the side-deck camp to the Crown Governor was Sir Edward Canard (of the Canard Line Canards), an old acquaintance. Canard urged Tree to stop off at his Barbadian home, Giltier Bay, for a restorative spell in the sunshine. "I came for six weeks," Tree recalls, "and quite simply I fell in love with the place." Much revived, he proceeded to the U.S. and there renewed his friendship with Marietta (the name she prefers—a combination of Mary and Padgett) Fitzgerald, whom he had known during the war when she was a research assistant at Lure. Subsequently, each having obtained a divorce, in 1947, they were married. They went to live at Ditchley, and that same year Tree began the construction of a winter home

on Barbados—a dreamlike confection he named Heron Bay, set in gardens facing the sea, built all of soft-banded native limestone and designed, from his own sketches, in his favorite Palladian style.

At Ditchley, life resumed its gracious course. But soon there was an ugly intrusion. Tree had had his problems, but money had never been one. Now, however, he found himself squeezed between the oppressive taxes the Labor government levied on the landed gentry and the heavy U.S. taxes on income from Grandfather Tree's trust fund. He had no alternative but to sell Ditchley, and in 1949, with great sadness, he did so. In

Heron Bay. As before, they entertained often, and with style. But soon their life began to show the effects of a peculiar sea change. By the move to America, Ronald Tree had given up hope of renewing his political career, whereas Marietta, whose prior interest in politics had been amateur, became increasingly addicted to it. By 1952 she had entered into a romance with the Stevensonian wing of the Democratic Party, and eventually, like Ditchley—as I once christened the New York town house—began to resemble political rallies. But, being a British subject, Ronald Tree could be only an interested bystander amidst

summer. It is overlaid with a sense of the past: its parliament was formed in 1680; its lands, divided into large estates, produced a wealthy "plantocracy" who erected "great houses" similar in style and furnishings, though scaled in scale, to those in England. A good many of these miniature stately homes still exist, and so also do quite a number of the old family names: that of Sir James Drax, for instance, a 17th century pioneer of the island's sugar cane industry, is kept green by the present squire of Drax Hall, Admiral the Honorable Reginald Sydney Ranford. Phunketel (pronounced Phunk), known to his friends as Phunk, Families who can afford it still send their children off to English schools, and even though a Barbadian may never have been near England, he is likely to refer to a trip there as "going home."

James Anthony Freese, the historian, once said of Barbados: "Parish churches solid and respectable, the English language, the English police and parochial system. However it may be in the other islands, England in Barbados is still a solid fact." Decades later, it still is. Another acute English traveler, Alec Waugh, recently observed: "In Barbados the eighteenth century is still alive." Such a combination could hardly fail to appeal to Ronald Tree.

Then suddenly there was the jet age, and suddenly the whole Caribbean area began to be transformed. Taking a lead from Puerto Rico's successful Operation Bootstrap, the governments of the various islands offered lucrative tax concessions to investors who would build hotels to attract winter vacationers. The value of beach property zoomed. The consequences can be summed up in one spectacular statistic: last year close to 1½ million vacationers went to the Caribbean. The tide of tourism that before the jet age spent most of its force on Bermuda and the near Bahamas now began touching the far islands of the sea. Commercial enterprises, private and commercial, were being hatched or planned at Martinique, Aruba, Curaçao, St. Kitts, Nevis, Guadeloupe, Tobago and on other shores that not long ago seemed as remote as Timbuctoo.

Naturally, back at Heron Bay, Ron-

Tree's beloved estate, Ditchley, was a scene of international architecture.



a last, magnificent gesture to the house and all it stood for, he gave a dinner and a ball for 500 guests, among whom were Princess (now Queen) Elizabeth and Prince Philip, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, and others of the genre. There were fireworks, and the dancing went on until dawn.

Thereafter the Trees divided their time between New York, in a town house furnished with treasures from Ditchley, and

these portentous doings; and as time went on he found life increasingly congenial at Barbados.

Indeed, the island had a great many qualities with which he could feel at home. Not only is it British, but it is Britain in cameo, complete with a rugged northern area called Scotland, towering sea cliffs reminiscent of Dover, and green fields and woody dells that could have been lifted from an English

old Tree had been engaged in some deep calculations.

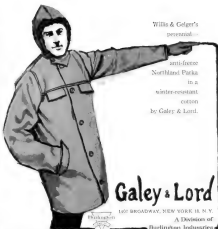
Sooner or later the full force of the touristic explosion would hit Barbados, for better or worse; and as one who loved the island under that, unspoiled, became its wealthiest first citizen—thus necessarily concerned, first, if it brought only the usual sort of vacationers seeking the usual resort life, the peaceful, unadged and gracious qualities of Barbadian life would surely diminish. Already Bridgetown, the island capital, was beginning to take on a slightly hectic look, and plans were brewing for new hotels there, with casinos and other such trappings. Only five miles from Beacon Bay, a real estate promoter was developing a community designed to attract middle-income, middle-class normal people (shades of St. Petersburg). For the sake of the island, for the sake of Heroes Bay, something ought to be done.

In finance there is an axiom, known as Graham's Law, that "bad money drives out good money." Ronald Tree knows that the same rule applies to real estate, and that the rule also works in reverse: the first architectural eye-candy tends to dull any neighborhood as its way to ruin but, equally, the first beautiful houses built in a new area tend to attract more people who want to build similar homes.

Down the road from Heroes Bay lay an old sugar plantation known as Hardy Lane. The land fronted on a splendid sweep of beach; its upper reaches shaded by tropical groves—an ideal site for fine houses. Tree had often thought, but ideal also, as he now began to reflect, for a hotel of the wrong sort. He could imagine it, hip, glitzy and glamorous, all glass and chrome, with a casino, two swimming pools, four bars, five restaurants including a cabaret with a floor show and a brass orchestra and with multitudes of couples from Miami Beach talking about glitzing with sun-travel.

There was only one sure answer. To avert the operation of the first part of Graham's Law of real estate, he must arm himself with the second, reverse, half. He must get hold of the Sandy Lane phenomenon and use it in a way that would

(continued)



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The rest followed in logical progression, a synthesis of the circumstances of time and place and of all that Ronald Tree had been and become. There would be a hotel. But it would be unlike any other, not designed to compete in big, new or glamorous, offering no superlatives except perfection in service, comfort and taste. It would be in Palladian style, of course. "We tried to see the whole thing through the eyes of someone of the 19th century," says Tree. "Perhaps a successful planter wanting a great house, or a merchant fleet owner who had grown rich in overseas commerce and who had decided to build an inn that would do him credit among his clients and friends."

But the hotel would be only the beginning. There was ample room left on the beach, the waterfront, for eight sizable private homes and room back along the high ridge of the plantation for 130 odd more. It depended all to the right people—as Tree described them, "people of the architecture we like." These 130 or so, he said, were men not only would support the development costs but would soon sprout a whole community of taste, a countryside of fine homes worthy to keep company with Heron Bay. The hotel would become the social center. What a splendid ambience of men and beauty, wealth and talent there would be!

Here, in fact, is a balmy tropical setting, with Ronald Tree presiding gracefully at Heron Bay as the perfect host, the spirit of Ditchley would live again.

And that is how Sandy Lane was born. With a syndicate of wealthy friends who supplied the large amount of ready capital needed, he formed a development company—West Coast Limited, and broke ground in mid-1958. The hotel, delayed by rains and construction problems, opened its doors last February—still only three-fourths ready, a whole wing cut cornered, condenser and water-run incopaz through the grounds. Ronald Tree suffered acute nervous anxieties and, a few nights before the opening, personally helped re-lay a slab of marble floor that had gone slightly off-line in the lobby. Nicky Behard drilled the

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green staff in a doozed attempt to install Claridge standards and steered himself to face the dining room disasters that all too clearly stood ahead. But neither mud nor closet doors that jammed nor the explosion-sound of trays or dishes crashing to the floor could, it transpired, stay the influx of guests from the swift completion of their social rounds. The grapevine had spread the word that Renée Tree—"dear Ronnie"—was opening his place at last. In the first weeks Baron and Baroness Guy de Rothschild arrived, and Lord and Lady Lenthagen, and Lord Brutinfield, and Colonel Sir Michael Adorne, and Sir Edmund and Lady Bacon, and Sir Edward and Lady Poole, and Lord Buckhurst, and the Merrills, Grinwolds, and Jack Whitney, and for literary flavor, John Steinbeck and John Guther—enough right there for a workable house party, besides Lord and Lady Rothschild, Michael Tree and Lady Anne, the Right Honorable Vincent Massey (the former Governor-General of Canada), all staying with Renée over at Heron Bay. By March, 40 of the land flats had been spoken for and houses were being built for such prominent names as Lenthagen, and Rothschild, Lord Avon (London), (Aberdeen), Budd Roper (Canadian industry), Sidney Bernstein (television), Henry Brock (New York finance) and Lord Kinderley (Rothschilds).

Sandy Lane is opening its second season now, the flowers have seeded and grown, the carpenters have left and the milk-and-honey-colored limestone walls already are acquiring a warm and mellow 18th century look. For potential guests, there is perhaps only one more thing to know: the rates are late 20th century. The right to enjoy a life of perfect privilege is conditional on an ability to pay \$48 a day per couple, plus 10% service charge, for two meals and room, with such blessings as cocktails and wine counted as extras; only the air is free.

But some things can't be measured by money; one has to remember what Sandy Lane is. After all, as Ronald Tree said, as he surveyed the lovely and elegant scene he has created, you are on rather a good wicket.

BARBADOS TRAVEL FACTS

Thus, most eastern, most English and once most sedate of Caribbean islands is now a bustling place. But even though signs of the tourist boom show on the lovely Barbadian landscape, the island has succeeded in retaining its natural good looks. With jet flights bringing tourists daily and cruise ships stopping by almost as often, it is important during the January-March season to make advance reservations. In the off season, from mid-April to mid-December, the weather stays fine, even and sunny, no reservations are needed. Barbadians justifiably boast that their island is the place other Caribbean islanders come to when it is sticky and rainy at home. Even in hurricane season, Barbados is lucky—the time they get at all rainy, most hurricanes have already moved far northwest of the island. Because of the good year-round weather, hotel rates on Barbados drop only 20% out of season.

GETTING THERE: From New York, British West Indian Airways 707 jets leave each Saturday on 5, take 4½ hours, nonstop. Pan American jets leave Tuesdays and Saturdays at 10 a.m., with stops, take about 6 hours. Round-trip first-class fare is \$415; economy, \$308. On January 10, Pan American began jet service from Miami to Barbados, with planes leaving Sundays and Thursdays at 1:30, arriving at Barbados 7 island-hopping hours later.

STAYING THERE: If you don't join the house party at Sandy Lane, you'll find several other congenial ones going all season at other clublike hotels. These are a Barbadian specialty, and they have virtually the same membership requirements as Sandy Lane's good manners and enough money to pay the tab. The Coral Reef Club and the Colony Club, both on the fashionable leeward side of the island (on Barbados it costs more to stay out of the wind) are luxury establishments, in beautiful beachside settings. The Colony has 28 rooms, many with private terraces facing the sea. The Coral Reef has 27 cottages and 11 rooms in a main house. Both have their own bars, dancing, and a tariff in the vicinity of \$30 per single, about \$45 per double room, full American plan. Other clubs

worth noting: the Miramar (\$25 single, \$42-\$44 double), Accra Beach (about \$20 double), Less-claibly hotels include the Canibee, the Ocean View, and the Paradise Beach. All have their own beaches. And at rates of \$22 to \$30 per double room with meals, they are also among the best vacation buys in the Caribbean.

EATING THERE: Barbados, unlike many a Caribbean island which imports its seafood from England or America, has excellent native fare. One specialty is flying fish, delicious baked, fried or in a flying-fish pie. White sea urchin, which the natives call sea eggs, are good sautéed with onions, and crane chubb are best when fried straight from the sea. Suckling pig is a Barbadian delight, as is a hot Creole pepperoni wrap. Loder's seafood house is the Caribbean's only the Colony, the best restaurant on the island, the Coral Reef a close runner-up.

PLAYING THERE: The beaches are pink and white, completely ringed the island, with Atlantic surf (which can be treacherous on unpatrolled beaches) on the east, a calm Caribbean on the west. Tinker's Antilles Watersports, run by Gene Tinker, a 33-year-old ex-New Yorker, offers deep-sea fishing, yachting through the Grenadines, scuba expeditions to coral reefs, water skiing and moonlight boat rides. There are tennis courts at Sandy Lane, the Colony, the Yacht Club, the Savannah Club and the Marine Hotel. Guests at Sandy Lane can use its nine-hole course for \$9 a month and \$3 green fee. Non-guests may play the Sandy Lane course for \$15 a month, plus green fee. Rockley Golf Club, also nine holes, charges \$26 a month membership, \$1.70 green fee. There is polo from July until February, and three four-day Thoroughbred meetings each year, in February, August and November. Twenty charter fishing boats are for hire at about \$30 per day, offering the gamefisherman reasonably good luck with billfish, dolphin, wahoo and albacore. Since Barbados is a stronghold of old English life, naturally there is cricket. From March 16 to 28, island business will stand still while India plays Barbados and the West Indies. **END**

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS

1 ♠ CLUB—5 PTS. 1 ♠ SPADE—3 PTS. 4 NO TRUMP—2 PTS.

Though this hand possesses the textbook point requirements, a one-no-trump opening should be avoided when values are concentrated in two suits. A one-spade opening may present rebid problems. Assuming partner responds in a red suit to the club opening, your one-spade rebid lets him bid no trump if he can stop the fourth suit.

2 PASS—5 PTS. 3 NO TRUMP—3 PTS. 4 DIAMONDS—1 PT.

Partner's jump rebid in spades is not forcing, and you have about the least lay will tolerate for a one-no-trump response. If this hand could produce a game, partner should have been able to bid it himself.

3 4 DIAMONDS—3 PTS. 3 SPADES—4 PTS. 3 SPADES—3 PTS. 4 SPADES—1 PT.

This hand has suddenly grown to slam proportions. Although a direct leap to six spades would not be unreasonable, the wisest course would be a bid of four diamonds, followed by an overbid of game in spades.

4 PASS—5 PTS. 3 DIAMONDS—3 PTS. 3 NO TRUMP—1 PT.

Having reached the conclusion there is no game, you must decide whether partner can be trusted with a one-no-trump contract. In these columns the chivalrous attitude is always favored. Partner's known maximum is 10 points, which, with your 15, cannot add up to 26.

5 2 HEARTS—5 PTS. 4 NO TRUMP—4 PTS. 3 NO TRUMP—1 PT.

You have better than an opening bid, and partner has opened, reversed (bid a higher-ranking suit above the one level) and jumped. This spells a slam, which you should bid forthwith. The prescribed call is six hearts, where your doubleton spade may add a ruffing trick.

6 1 NO TRUMP—5 PTS. PASS—3 PTS.

A spade contract does not appear to be propitious. A rescue bid of one no trump suggests that partner rescue himself in

either diamonds, or clubs, since obviously you are short in spades and have the other three suits.

7 PASS—5 PTS. 3 SPADES—3 PTS. 3 CLUBS—1 PT.

This hand has merit, but no immediate action can be taken with safety. If you mention either of your suits, partner may be cornered into bidding three hearts—placing you in an awkward position. When a free bid projects the bidding to the three level, it should be backed up by a holding equal to an opening bid.

8 PASS—5 PTS. 4 DIAMONDS—3 PTS. 4 HEARTS OR 4 SPADES—1 PT.

Don't be a naysayer. Had partner been interested in hearing about the majors, he would have doubled the three-diamond bid. As between the other calls, we have a preference for the false cue bid of four diamonds since it is more apt to uncover the best trump fit.

9 3 DIAMONDS—3 PTS. DOUBLE—3 PTS. PASS—0

It may seem that this hand rates aggressive action, but a takeout double would be attended with grave danger if partner responded three spades. If you miss a heart game, charge it up to the effectiveness of pre-emptive tactics.

10 3 NO TRUMP—5 PTS. 3 CLUBS—3 PTS. 3 DIAMONDS—1 PT.

Partner appears to have slam aspirations. However, too much of your strength is concentrated in spades—a serious duplication of values. Another mild call is indicated to slow partner down.

11 3 SPADES—5 PTS. 4 CLUBS—2 PTS. 3 HEARTS—1 PT.

To announce the club fit by a jump raise would interfere with the orderly investigation for bigger things and suggest greater high-card strength in clubs.

12 PASS—5 PTS. 3 DIAMONDS—3 PTS. 3 NO TRUMP—1 PT.

We are not partial to partners who overcall in the opponent's suit, especially when vulnerable. However, you must presume he knows what he is doing. Do

not rescue even if partner gets doubled.

13 4 HEARTS—5 PTS. 3 CLUBS—3 PTS. 4 CLUBS—1 PT.

The prospect of raising partner at the four level on three trumps is not appealing, but a bid of four clubs is likely to be passed, and we would not advise a leap to five clubs.

14 3 DIAMONDS—5 PTS. 3 HEARTS—3 PTS. DOUBLE—1 PT.

A simple overcall of two diamonds may seem strange with a 22-point hand. But a takeout double is not recommended because of the danger that partner may hold a long spade suit. The chances of missing a slam are remote, for partner would have to produce considerable trick-taking power to bring us up to 12 tricks.

15 PASS—5 PTS. 3 SPADES—3 PTS.

If partner is bidding correctly, you must heed his warning that he has not much else but long diamonds. True, you have not yet shown a good rebiddable spade suit, but if partner doesn't like spades, you may be in very deep water. Re-sign yourself to a possible small loss by passing three diamonds. Incidentally, we would have preferred a rebid of two spades after partner's two-diamond bid.

16 4 HEARTS—5 PTS. PASS—3 PTS. 3 NO TRUMP—3 PTS. 4 CLUBS—1 PT.

Do not make the mistake of bidding three no trump. Partner was in position to make that call himself and declined. Showing the heart support at this point—a delayed ruse—will let partner know you have only three-card support and let him decide on the final contract.

17 3 HEARTS—3 PTS. 3 DIAMONDS—4 PTS. 4 DIAMONDS—3 PTS. 3 DIAMONDS—1 PT.

The slightly fancy bid of three hearts may induce partner to bid three no trump if he has clubs protected. If worst comes to worst and he raises hearts, you can always go back to diamonds. The diamond rebids are graded according to their vigor.

18 PASS—5 PTS. 4 HEARTS—3 PTS. 4 SPADES—1 PT.

Either four hearts or four spades could prove safer, but it might not be prudent to override partner's decision, especially since he has already been warned to expect an unbalanced hand. If we did decide to bid again, our choice would be four hearts; a spade contract might prove too difficult to manage since partner failed to rebid his spades. **END**



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by PARKE CUMMINGS

Sometimes I wonder whether I have a tiger by the tail. I dance—or attempt to on ice-skates, for course—a number of other people do too, but I am still on the shady side of 50, and I did not take up figure skating at the age of 8. I, a parent, got into this just as parents get into such activities as the P.T.A.—through their children.

Six years ago, when our daughter was 11, we tried to enroll her in the Southern Connecticut Figure Skating Club, which holds its sessions in Norwalk, adjoining our home town of Westport. In going about this, I received a tip that there was a long waiting list for girls, but that the club was anxious to obtain new members for its dance sessions. If I were to join, the tip went, Patsy might immediately be admitted on a sort of family deal.

I waffled hard on hearing this. Although I had been on skates for most of my life, my knowledge of the home skating branch was rudimentary, to say the least. I had seen champion couples in competitions and exhibitions, and the thought of an attempting those death-defying jumps and spins—or whirling my partner around my head like a hammer thrower—chilled my marrow.

But, ever the dutiful father, I resolved

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soon as he gets the cawer dances under some semblance of control, he aspires to the progressively more difficult ones without sufficient preparation.

Accordingly, the overambitious skater is apt to experience a frustration that I call RBPW, or Rejection by Pretty Women. (All the women and girls in our club are pretty.) I ask some lovely to do the fox-trot, a dance about halfway up the scale of difficulty, and she allows as how she had rather not. I start to look for another partner, and, the next thing I know, I see the lady who has rejected me dancing the fox-trot with Bob Carson.

Is this a flagrant breach of etiquette that will get her blackballed from the club? It is not. Carson, the blighter, is three times as good a skater as I am (besides being 25 years younger), and it is an unwritten law of skating that a lady has a perfect right to turn down anyone she's leery of skating with.

I have found it advisable to skate with an partner in my class, which is few, but partner's ability to skate is not used to its fullest extent, such as skating too far away from them, making sloppy turns, gasping, zigzagging and forgetting what dance I'm doing, to name a few, c) a professional who can cope with anything.

I have managed to get through about half the 20 dances right side up, but I wish I hadn't waited until a year ago to take professional lessons. My trouble—or rather one of my troubles—is that I formerly played hockey. This is a mixed blessing for one who turns to figure skating. Hockey gives one understanding and confidence against falling, but it also induces the habit of leaning forward, with the funny protruding. This is bad.

Very bad. Vera, my teacher, is trying to cure this fault and others, and it is costing her a lot of breath and me a lot of cash. Skating girls tend to be perfectionists, chary with praise, profuse with criticism, and, in fairness to them, they probably wouldn't get results if they weren't. This is because the average skater is apt to be completely unaware of his faults unless they are constantly pointed out to him—whereas a golfer with a habitual 90 (like myself at least) suspect something was amiss with his form.

Vera, the name derives from verities or veracity, doesn't it?—is a lady who pulls no punches. We get on the ice, and she says, "Now let's see if you can do a mohawk without scratching so loud they can hear it in Bridgeport." On other occasions Vera is more explicit. To get my attention and keep it, she may state,



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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

Even this early in the season there are signs that eastern basketball will be formidable enough to attract some of the prestige it has lost in recent years. Although St. John's had its national image bruised at Manhattan, Kansas, and North Carolina, SMU, Villanova and Duquesne continued to nurture winning streaks and St. Bonaventure accepted new respect by winning the Bluegrass Invitational in Louisville.

The most aggressive victory was scored by Duquesne, which upset Duke 68-61 in the opening round of the Stiel Bowl at Pittsburgh. Duke's Arnold and Mike Rice held Duke's Art Heyman to 20 points and their leading scorers did the rest. Next night Duquesne beat Pitt 75-70 for the 11-1.

THE SOUTH

St. Bonaventure showed its traditional hostility in the Bluegrass Invitational. While talented southern Miles-Arroyo bounced away for 22 points, the Bonnies exorcised all other Western Kentucky via defense and finally edged the Hilltoppers 66-60 on two one-handers by Ed Petrowsky and a pair of foul shots by Bruce Arzoo. Then Louisville got the same treatment. Despite a chopped bone in his left wrist, Aiken pushed in 36 points and Jorde dropped in two more free throws in the closing seconds for a 71-72 victory.

Arkansas picked up its Renaissance Classic for an unexpected shot of strength. Attacking 44-point and methodically from their shuffle offense, the Hogs consistently muzzled Auburn's better forces and Bulls. Tanker was positioned for good shots and beat LSU 67-54 and Virginia Tech 77-65. However, SEC favorite Kentucky wasn't worried, nor Cornell State was perturbed by its effort and efficiency, as he scored 51 points to lead the Wildcats over St. Louis 86-77 and Baylor 81-62.

Meanwhile, some top SEC teams were running into trouble. South Carolina was beaten by Indiana 70-71 and Wake Forest was having far more trouble than previous seasons indicated. The Deacons lost to Florida 71-65, but Virginia 84-65, then Robert against Maryland. Len Chappell scored 18 points in the first half, but the Terps' Jerry Greenspan held him to eight in the second half and Maryland won 79-82.

THE MIDWEST

For a while it appeared that Chelowski's winning streak would go down the drain in Des Moines. With five minutes to go, the Hawks traded Drake 57-42 and Coach Ed Jucker's crosshairs came back on them two points on technical fouls. Then Cincinnati began to press. Drake left apart and Paul Hogue's four foul shots in the final minute put the Beards ahead 68-59. Jucker was more relaxed five nights later back home in Cincinnati, when his team whooped Marshall 77-49 for its 27th straight.

St. John's played one Haylight home last night—After beating Oklahoma 68-44 at home and Kansas 64-50 at Lawrence, the Redmen were overwhelmed by Kansas State's resurgence and lost 63-60.

I expect for Ohio State, the Big Ten looked surprisingly fickle. Illinois was still unbeaten after four games, but Purdue fell before Madison 71-66 and Iowa succumbed to St. Louis 70-61. The Buckeyes rolled on. When Iowa's 10-1 punched down, it was on defense and applied season grandiosities. John Hawk took three for 30 points, I mean got 20s and OGU won easily 92-72.

THE SOUTHWEST

SWC teams were as unpredictable as ever. Louisiana State-AMC fell to Memphis State 62-60, and Arkansas surprised Oklahoma State with a vigorous zone defense and beat the ball-controlling Cowboys 63-54. Junior Dave Siegmund, 6 foot 7, perked up 38-10 with 36 points in 10 minutes, more than enough to win the Mustangs over Oklahoma City 80-78. But OCU's Al Lorenson was more impressed with SMU's defense, 245-pounder Landermark. "He's swinging the air game walking through us like we're not here," insisted Lorenson.

The situation was less confusing in the Border Conference, where Arizona State was living up to previous appraisals. The undefeated Sun Devils had no trouble beating Kansas 72-58 and New Mexico 62-56.

THE WEST

As John Hadlock's pre-warriors USC, and both did just fine last week. Big Kent scored 20 points and the Bruins beat Colorado State 61-52. He got 22 and USC shipped DePaul 70-66. However, Colorado State lost better basketball to UNLV, beating the Bruins 69-48. Up north, Santa Clara sophomore who hit combined nine over the California defense for 35 points and the Bruins won 55-46.

Later, Ray McGill, still wearing the Utes on his long back, scored 68 more points to get the long post Los Angeles State 105-70 and San Jose State 68-60. Meanwhile LA State's Sam Elliot: "We created a circle around McGill, a regular family circle, and tried to get him to join it. He just wouldn't." Perhaps Utah State will find a way on Jan. 6. The Aggies, with Cornell Green scoring 27 points, trounced San Jose State 72-58 for their sixth straight.

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL: BRITAINA WINTER IN AUSTRIAN

ALL-STAR pitcher in a new place in a new league. Britaina, 25, of the New York Yankees, has been traded to the Los Angeles Dodgers. The move was announced by the Dodgers on Monday. Britaina, who has been with the Yankees since 1981, is expected to pitch for the Dodgers in 1982.

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PIETRELLI 20.5 to lead, a fourth place to WASHINGTON. The last game of the season was played on Sunday, Dec. 13, 1981.

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FACES IN THE CROWD



LITHOMIA BODIER, 25, of the Los Angeles Dodgers, is a freshman at the U. of California, Berkeley. She is a member of the U. of California, Berkeley, and is a member of the U. of California, Berkeley.



CAROL FRANCES HARRIS, a 21-year-old senior at Florida State, is a member of the U. of California, Berkeley. She is a member of the U. of California, Berkeley, and is a member of the U. of California, Berkeley.



MARTHA SIBBELL of Monterey Park, Calif., is a member of the U. of California, Berkeley. She is a member of the U. of California, Berkeley, and is a member of the U. of California, Berkeley.



SHARON BROWN, 19-year-old queen of the Super Bowl at New Orleans, is a member of the U. of California, Berkeley. She is a member of the U. of California, Berkeley, and is a member of the U. of California, Berkeley.



SANDRA HOLLS, 21, a senior at University of California, is a member of the U. of California, Berkeley. She is a member of the U. of California, Berkeley, and is a member of the U. of California, Berkeley.



EVA GATLE MARLEY, U. of Texas senior, is a member of the U. of California, Berkeley. She is a member of the U. of California, Berkeley, and is a member of the U. of California, Berkeley.

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History-making pull-up

Meet a very proud boy. His name is George Olson, he is 12 years old—and this is the first time in his young life that he's ever been able to chin himself!

That may sound hard to believe, but when George went back to school last September, he was typical of six out of ten young Americans. His muscles were flabby. He had "middle-age slouch" and quickly sagging stamina. Now, ninety days later, George is still no All-American—but *he's on his way!*

What's happened to George?

George is a glowing example of what the program of the President's Council on Youth Fitness can help accomplish. Authorities have been alarmed about the increasingly flabby state of American youth. Our youngsters have been getting softer, while those in other countries are becoming more fit.

So, working with 19 educational and medical organizations, the President's Council developed a basic program to start "rebuilding" young Americans.

We of the Wheaties Sports Federation are proud to salute the President's Council and its work. One of our own basic goals is to *assist and cooperate with other fitness-minded groups*. Since 1958, the Wheaties Sports Federation has produced five films promoting Youth Fitness Week and the concept of "Total Fitness" and presented them on television; and our booklet on youth fitness has reached thousands.

We look forward to continuing to work for the aims of the President's Council.



Bob Richards
Director,
Wheaties Sports Federation

WHEATIES.
Breakfast of Champions

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SHAME OF WINNING

Sirs:

After reading *Apex: Instead of Riser* (Dec. 11), I wonder if we could get the Ohio State faculty to read about the Silver Grouper winners in the same issue (*Silver Grouper: All-American, 1936-41*)? Maybe they could call up a few of those gentlemen and ask them if there is anything shameful about winning. I fail to see how 30 or 40 football players, by playing good football, will in any way contaminate the other 16,000 OSU students.

HARRY T. BOGGS
South Pasadena, Calif.

Sirs:

If the Ohio State faculty would have their school known for academics rather than athletics, I suggest two goals: that for every national championship football team Coach Hayes produces, the faculty produce a Nobel Prize winner; and for every All-America that Woody turns out, the faculty turn out a Rhodes scholar.

RICHIE ECKLER
Princeton, N.J.

Sirs:

Hooray for Ohio State's faculty members, or rather rosemary, may be for remembrance, as Shakespeare says, but a little smiling in the classroom helps, too. I, for one, can't blame the profs for thinking there should be a limit to the football season.

JOHN HAYNES
Chicago

Sirs:

We did not call for Vanderbilt to get out of the Southeastern Conference (SEC) (Dec. 11). Rather we insisted that "... a far-sighted analysis of what steps the university must take to retain its already jeopardized athletic tradition is what is needed." Getting out of the SEC might be a part of this program but certainly it was not the main intent of the editorial.

We are not yet completely convinced that it is impossible for Vanderbilt to produce a winning football team within the limits imposed by high academic requirements and a limited enrollment.

LAMAR ALEXANDER
Editor, Vanderbilt *Reflector*

Nashville

PGC'S POST

Sirs:

After reading just "Milepost" on the death of Edgar Allan Poe (For The RECORD,

Dec. 11), I believe that you have not given Mr. Poe full credit. Although you mention that he was a centime (1809-1890) Princeton University football great, you imply that his football career ended there. In 1891 Mr. Poe was the first "official" football coach at Navy (after 11 years of student coaches) and he posted a winning record of 5-2. Also worthy of note is the fact that he was the first Navy football coach to lose to Army (12-16) in the second game of that new historic rivalry. This in itself is a distinction because Navy football coaches who lose to Army have been hard to find of late.

MODERMAN JAMES H. SPRAGANCE
Annapolis, Md.

● SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is grateful to the midshipman relative (distant cousin) of a famed admiral for further information on the coaching great-nephew of a famed poet. The 20th century Edgar Allan Poe was one of six Poe brothers who played football for Princeton. The third brother, John, also served Navy as a coach and posted a 5-3 record for the season of 1896.—ED.

WARABOY BLUES

Sirs:

Congratulations on your very fine Basketball issue (Dec. 11). I would, however, like to offer one constructive thought. You virtually overlooked the 400-odd colleges that belong to the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics, a group that must number around 500,000 undergraduates. A good many of these colleges could lack a considerable number of the teams you covered.

Moreover, I'm sure I need not point out that among college NAAIA basketball players who subsequently starred in the NBA

are such well-known hoopsters as Boban Smawley of Appalachian State, Johnny Norlander and Vern Mikkelsen of Hamline, George King of Morris Harvey and Joe Palka, Murray State—so suggest but a few.

WILLIAM G. MORRIS
Vice-president, Boston Celtics

Boston

Sirs:

All one needs to do to become a firm believer in Indiana basketball is to attend a basketball game.

CHARLES W. ELLIS
Greenville, Ill.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

Sirs:

I was disappointed that you saw fit to ignore the Mercy Bowl game played in Los Angeles on Thanksgiving Day. With the halibut on going on all over the country on the various commercial bowl games, it would seem to me to have been very newsworthy to find a game being played by two fine teams for a cause of real charity: helping the survivors of the California Polytechnic crash that was nearly obliterated in a plane crash last year. This was a game where even the players, coaches and administrators were the survivors.

ERWIN LEHMANN
Fresno, Calif.

Sirs:

Not only was the Mercy Bowl successful financially (grosses exceeded \$175,000), but Fresno State proved itself to be No. 1 in the nation among small college football teams by thoroughly invading Bowling Green 36-6.

JIM LOWE
CHUCK BLUM
Fresno, Calif.

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